

THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 18 Mar. 1959



KENYA SAFARI:

An account by Robin Douglas-Home

Fashion pictures by Michel Molinare



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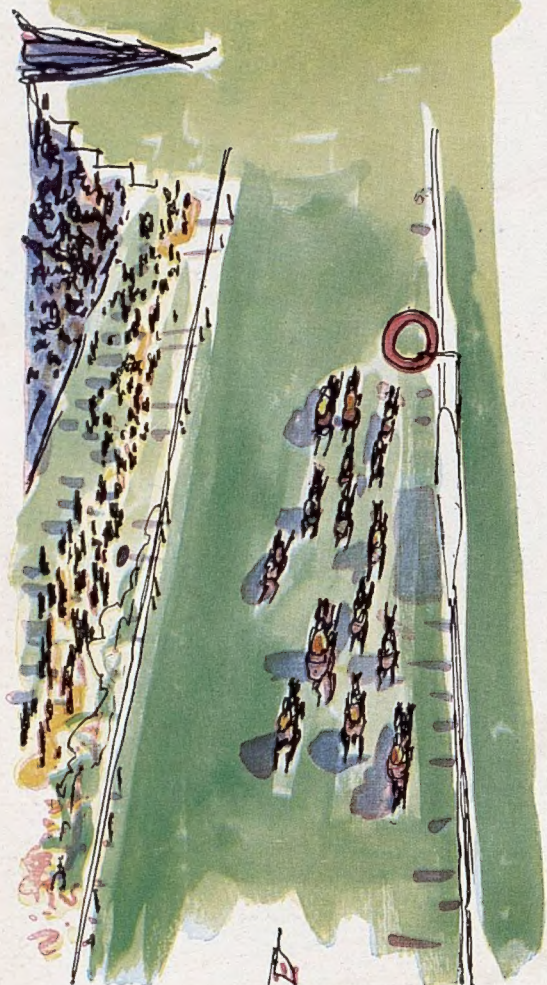
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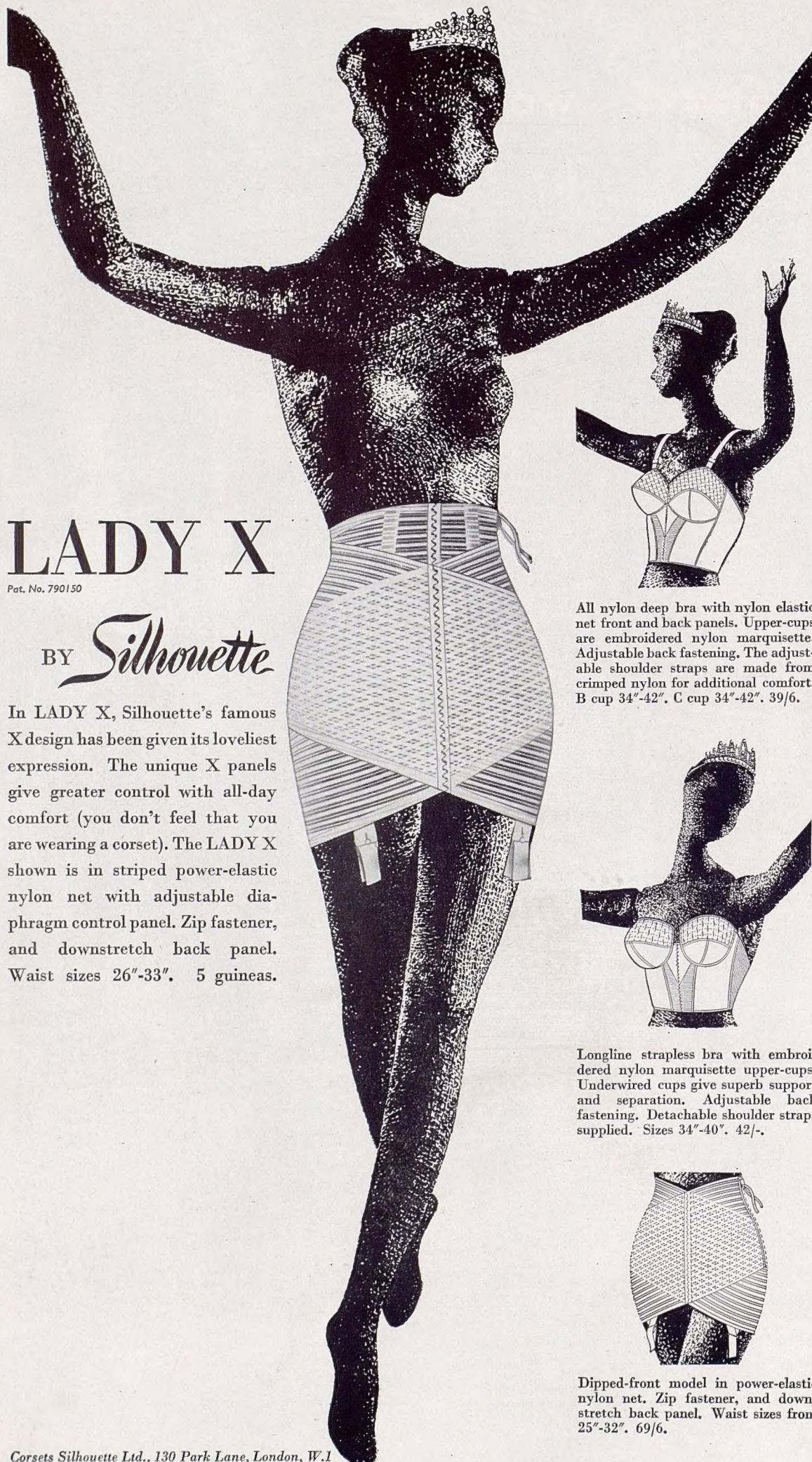
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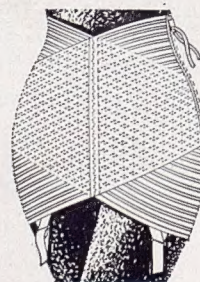
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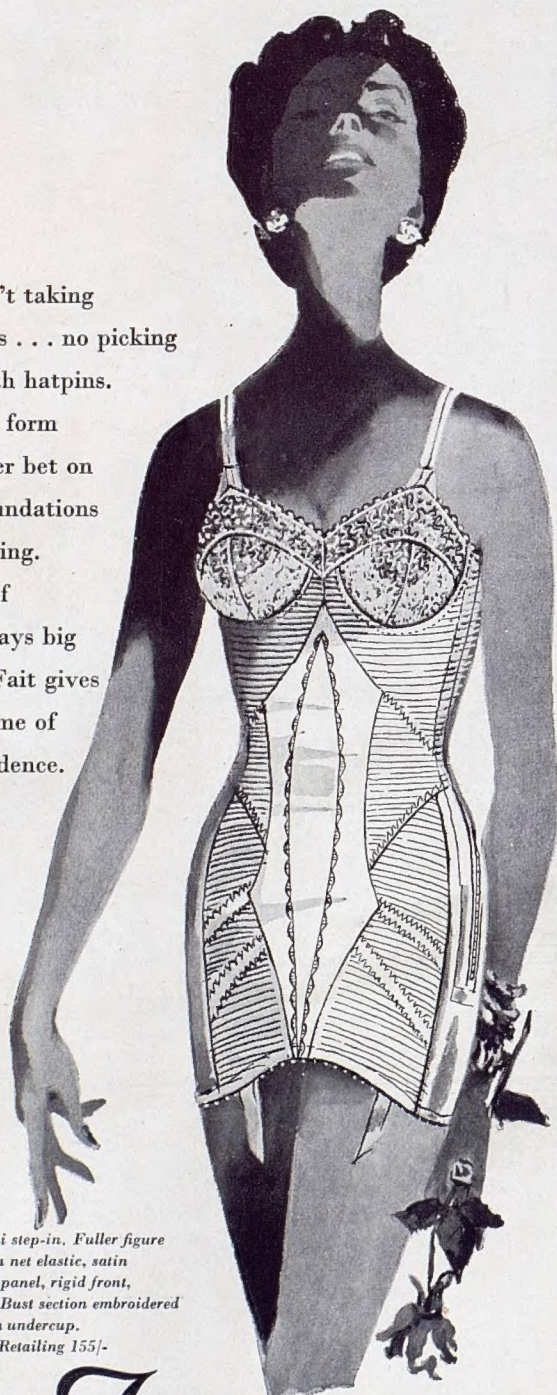
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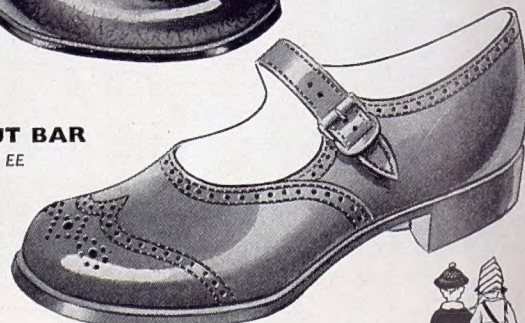


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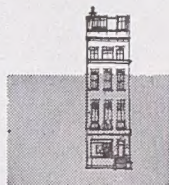


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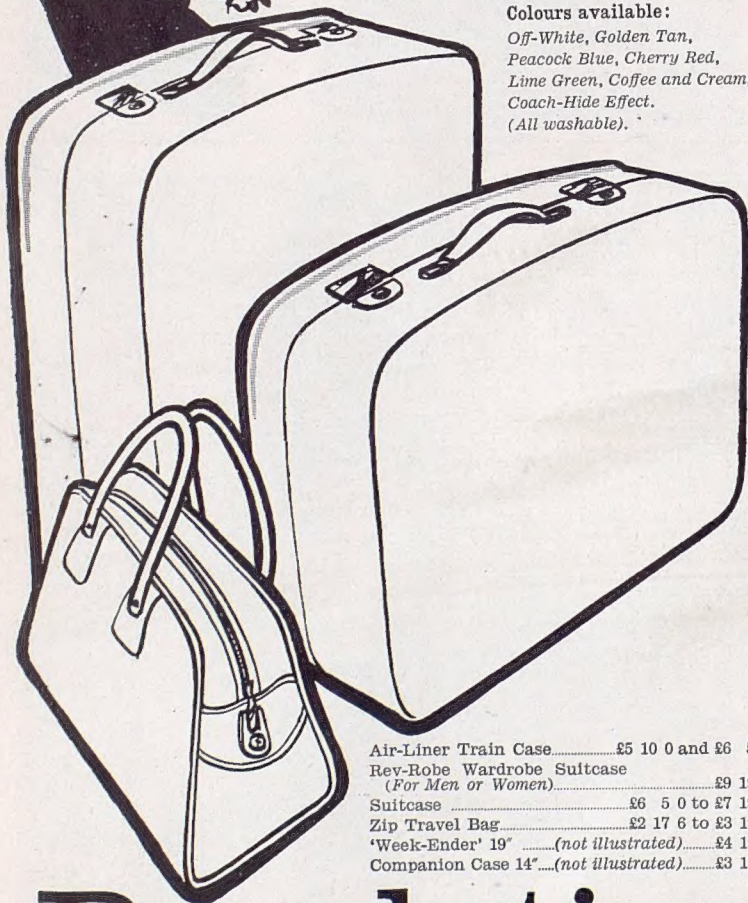


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WHERE to go...

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE Shakespeare success story goes on and on. So does the Shakespeare mystery. That second-best bed, Mr. W. H. and the rest, whet a curiosity never to be satisfied. But the detective story element certainly adds to the continued drawing-power of the annual Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. This year the **Memorial Theatre** celebrates its 100th season, opening with Paul Robeson in *Othello* (7 April) and continuing with *All's Well That Ends Well* (21 April), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (2 June), *Coriolanus* (7 July) and *King Lear* (18 August). You cannot reserve your seat too soon, even though the season lasts 34 weeks.

Up north, **Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre** will see the successful Broadway comedy *The Pleasure Of His Company* which starts a pre-London tour there on 23 March with Coral Browne, Judith Relf and George Relf starring. Margaret Rutherford and Peggy Mount should shake Leeds to its foundations when they appear, on 30 March, in the première at the **Grand Theatre of Farwell, Farwell, Eugene**. This play blows the gaff on the closely guarded secret of

who writes those verses on Christmas cards.

Fashion gains much piquancy in a timeless setting, but the trouble is to find an unhackneyed one. Worths solve this problem by a show at **Powderham Castle**, near Exeter. The Earl & Countess of Devon will receive visitors at two sessions, at 4.15 (following afternoon tea), and at 7.30, and supper will be served. Three collections are to be modelled, and proceeds go to muscular dystrophy research. The show is on 3 April.

The dance programme is getting into gear; two interesting ones next month are the **Teenage Easter Bonnet Dance** at St. Mary Abbots Church Hall, Kensington, for the Save The Children Fund on 9 April. (Tickets, 15s. from Mrs. G. Doughty, 9 St. Albans Grove, W.8), and the **Geranium Dance** for the Greater London Fund for the Blind, at the Anglo-Belgian Club, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1 (tickets 30s., from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1).

Finally, a splendid pipe-opener for Easter Monday. This is the **Annual Bottle Kicking and Hare Pie Scramble** at Hallaton, Leicestershire. I hope this event will be widely copied, at practically any time of the year. It sounds just the thing to settle the most imperial of hangovers.



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Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sganarelle and Tartuffe (The Old Vic). "... good English gusto

and a vigorous sense of the comic occasion... the whole evening has a pleasantly festive air."

Two For The Seesaw (Haymarket Theatre). "... a subject, married love, hardly ever treated seriously on the stage today... Mr. Gibson makes brilliant and touching use of his new material."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

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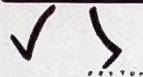
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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Off-peak advantages

by DOONE BEAL

AMID THE PLETHORA of propaganda on the subject of bargain price travel (any day, I feel, some enterprising agent is going to start auctioning it), many people are confused over the mystique of high and low season. How much difference in price is actually involved?

Leading hotels in resorts such as Nice, Barcelona and San Remo have a year-round tariff with little variance. On the other hand, in a few coastal resorts with a limited time appeal the hoteliers naturally make up, through July and August, what they lack—due to climate, or fashion, or both—during the rest of the year.

School holidays throughout Europe are largely responsible for this July/August boom, but, this factor apart, what is to be said for “off-peak” travel?

Some possibly less-than-perfect weather must be equated against the lack of crowds. (Personally, I would rather lie like one more sardine on a sunny beach than wrap up in rugs on an uncrowded one, but not everyone would agree with me.) A better case can be made for travelling off season if you are touring by car, when lack of traffic counts for much in terms of speed and comfort.

June and September are probably the only times in the year which combine high season weather with low season conditions. The comparatively small saving on the hotel bill made by holidaying in April, May or October is, by most people's standards, not worth consideration on its own merits, but there are a couple of instances where the seasonal prices are worth taking into account: Santander, on Spain's Atlantic coast, has a 30 per cent increase in hotel prices between 8 July and 21 September; and, in Brittany's coastal resorts, there is a 20 per cent drop in hotel rates in May, June and September.

Starting on 1 April are some quite dramatic reductions in summer fares to Europe which are being made by BEA and other airlines. The only limitations are the 23-day

excursion, the factor of travelling by night or in the early hours of the morning, and in some instances, the necessity to travel on a weekday. This inconvenience money is well saved when you consider some of the following examples: A difference of between £42 6s. (normal yearly return) and £33 12s. return to Barcelona; £20 10s. instead of £35 to Basle; £29 8s. instead of £43 4s. to Copenhagen; £38 15s. instead of £52 17s. to Gibraltar; £42 10s. instead of £59 8s. to Naples, and £38 4s. instead of £46 18s. to Palma.

Other remarkable bargains are being made available through leading travel agents in co-operation with the airlines. Prices may vary slightly from one to another, but, taking BEA's list to be fairly representative, the price of a seven-day holiday in Juan-les-Pins, air fare and full hotel pension included, ranges from £41 to £67, depending upon the hotel. In San Sebastian (flying to Biarritz and taking the coach onwards) eight days at from £38 to £52 represents a big saving when one considers that the air fare alone would otherwise cost £37 9s.

The value of this “deal,” if I may so call it, was recently brought home to me in the Italian ski resort of Cortina, where I met one happy couple who were enjoying a 14-day holiday in a luxury hotel for £75 each, all-in. Another pair, understandably disgruntled, were paying almost double for exactly the same accommodation and food because they had made their airline and hotel bookings independently.

Where, you may ask, is the catch? The only restriction—for this is in no way an organized tour—is the necessity to take full pension at your hotel. This matters less in Italy or Spain than it might in France, where three-star food in the restaurant round the corner could lead you to break the rules (but remember that, in any case, many resort hotels accept only full pension in the high season.) Altogether, it is well worth discussing with your travel agent, especially where family holidays are involved.



Film faces in Portugal: Martine Carol, Serge Lifar, Richard Todd, Jacques Sernas & Daniel Gelin were watching a gipsy dancer, on the sea-shore near Estoril

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Barracough—Hives: Miss Shirley Jane Barracough, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Barracough, Satwell House, Henley-on-Thames, married Mr. Colin Hives, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. G. V. Hives, Tudor Close, Sindlesham, at St. Mary's, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon



Braund—Morgan: Miss Jean Mary Braund, daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. C. C. Braund, Oakfield Road, Newport, Mon, married Dr. Alan Morgan, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Morgan, Maida Vale, W.9, at St. Mark's Church, Newport, Monmouth



Camac—Ellis: Miss Mary P. M. Camac, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Camac, Derrykeighan, Dervock, Co. Antrim, married Mr. Patrick J. Ellis, son of Mrs. M. B. C. Ellis, Laragh House, Maynooth, & Mr. J. Ellis, Straffan House, Co. Kildare, at Fisherwick Presbyterian Church, Belfast



Von der Pahlen—Johnston: Baroness Sonia Von der Pahlen, Countess of Astrow, married Mr. John Martin Johnston, of the Rectory, Cranleigh, Surrey, at Cranleigh Parish Church



Medlicott—Churchill: Miss Heather E. Medlicott, daughter of Mr. S. J. Medlicott, Yateley Road, Edgbaston, & Mrs. E. J. Medlicott, Edgbaston, married Capt. Peter R. Churchill, son of Col. & Mrs. A. R. Churchill, Orchardside, Box End, Bedfordshire, at Edgbaston Old Church



Beevers—Phillips: Miss Margaret Beevers, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Beevers, Three Gates Lane, Haslemere, Surrey, married Mr. Joseph Phillips, Liphook, Hampshire, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. S. Phillips, New Malden, Surrey, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Haslemere

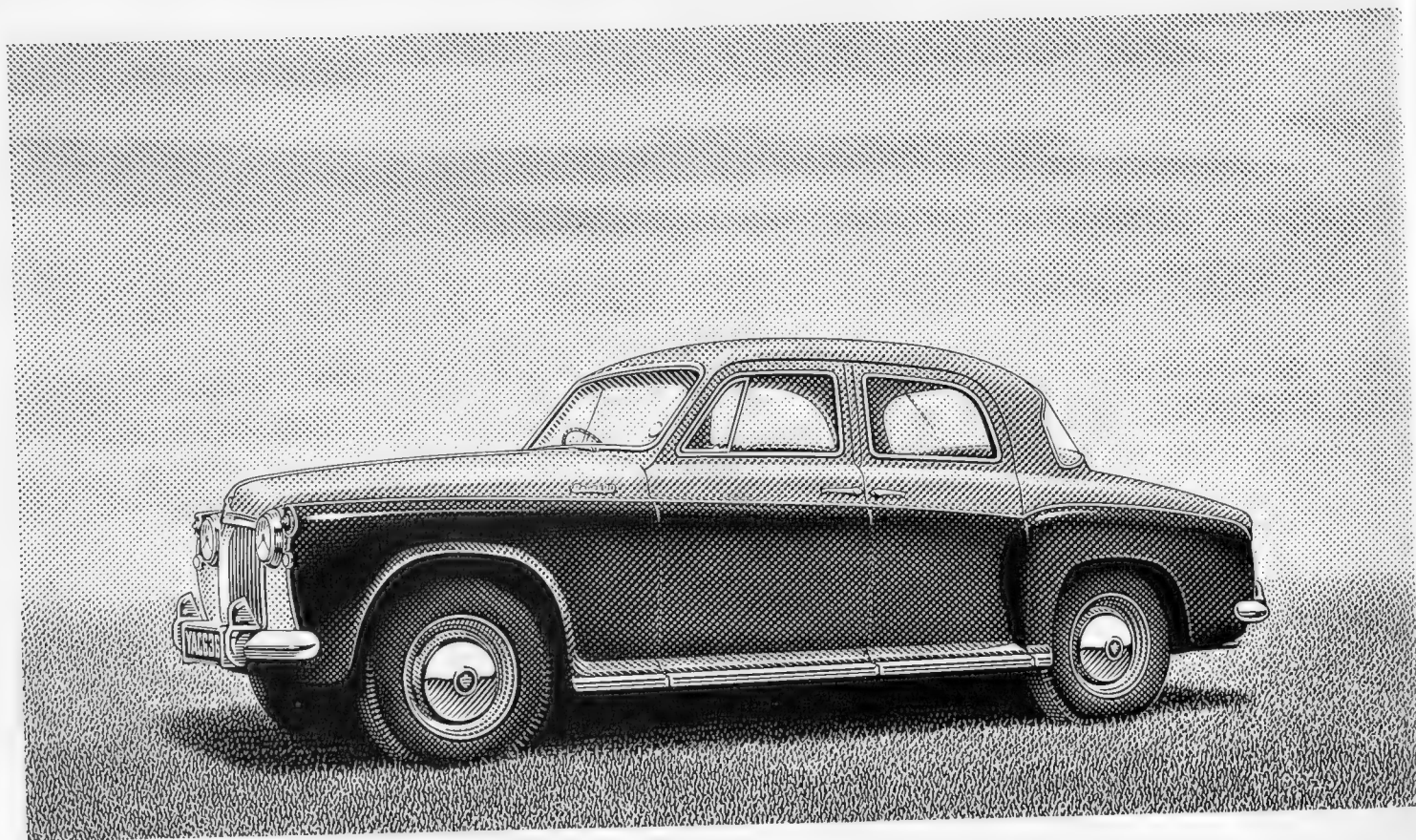


Hemming—Service: Miss Louisa Hemming, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Hemming, Elsworth Road, Hampstead, and of Canada, married Mr. Alastair Service, son of Mr. & Mrs. D. W. Service, Redlington Road, Hampstead, at the Church of St. Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct

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BRITISH NIGHT at Cannes—English food was flown out for the dinner and guests were also given English-style policemen's helmets. The Earl of Carnarvon and Mrs. John Thursby were among the diners



A. Travers



THE
Tatler
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3010

18 March 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *The Stately Homes*, an eve-of-season survey. *Tripoli*: photographed by Zoltan Glass and described by Heidi Krott. Also: introducing St. John Donn-Byrne, a new Paris columnist

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SOCIAL JOURNAL

Ireland's Gold Cup win in the wet at Cheltenham

by JENNIFER

THE WEATHER always adds a dramatic note to the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham (pictures on pages 536-7). Most years it is frost or snow; this year it was rain. When racegoers arrived on the last day part of the new course was so waterlogged after the night's downpour that a rumour was flying round that racing was doubtful. However, the stewards ordered the old course to be used for the Gold Cup and other 'chases (even then the fence before the water had to be dolled off). By the end of the afternoon conditions were still pretty bad and racing was only just possible.

The Irish, who had come over in force, had a wonderful meeting. They won six races, including the Gold Cup.

The Queen Mother and her party

The Queen Mother, who was staying with Capt. Frank and Lady Avic Spicer at Spye Park, came racing on the Wednesday (when Princess Margaret accompanied her) and Thursday. They watched from the Royal box with Lord Willoughby de Broke (Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and chairman of the Cheltenham race committee), Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny, the United States Ambassador & Mrs. "Jock" Whitney (they had several runners at the meeting), Sir Eric Miéville just back from Monte Carlo, Lord & Lady Buckhurst, the Master of Sinclair, Col. Martin Gilliat and Capt. Frank & Lady Avic Spicer. There was the usual cheerful hospitality



Robin Adler

Miss Mitsa Pateras to Mr. George H. Dracoulis: *She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stephanos Pateras. He is the son of Mme. & the late Mr. Hector Dracoulis, Avenua Amalias, Athens, Greece*



Lenare

Miss Patricia Mary Nicholls to Mr. John R. de Upaugh: *She is the daughter of Group/Capt. & Mrs. C. G. J. Nicholls, The White Cottage, East Boldre. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. de Upaugh, Brockenhurst*



Miss Annabelle Furnivall to the Hon. Alexander James Younger: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Furnivall, Middle Brook, Bishops Waltham, Hampshire. He is the second son of Viscount & Viscountess Younger of Leckie, South Lodge, Gargunnoch, Stirling*



Yevonde

Correction: Miss Pamela Wilmot, of Newburgh, Fife, in the announcement of her engagement to Capt. W. J. Stockton, Hagley Hall, Stourbridge, Worcestershire (in the issue of 4 March), was given the wrong Christian name of Patricia. We regret this error

in the many private boxes, and in the paddock and on the stand in the Members' enclosure friends from every part of the country were meeting, who seldom see each other the rest of the year. Cheltenham is by far the most social N.H. meeting.

The Duchess of Westminster, looking charming in tweed with a blue felt hat was in the paddock talking to Sir John Carew Pole, one of the stewards, and watching her good-looking chaser Cashel View go out to run in the Cotswold steeplechase on the first day, in which he finished second to Flame Gun. The recently married Earl & Countess of Erne, who had also come over from Ireland, were in the paddock talking to Col. & Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor down from Cheshire, the latter smart in a green suit and saffron hat.

Backing the winners

Others among the Irish contingent were that good critic of a horse His Honour Judge Wylie, Col. & Mrs. Eddie Boylan in high heart on the last day, having had a financially good meeting, Brig. & Mrs. Dominick Browne, Capt. & Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Mr. Alan Lillingston who was riding in one or two of the chases, Mr. & Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy who were staying with his cousins Mr. & Mrs. Edward Courage, Sir Thomas & Lady Ainsworth, Sir George Brooke and his fiancée Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, and Mr. "Dick" Bird the popular American joint-Master of the Meath hounds. He was wearing a steel neck support having, he told me, broken a vertebrae in his neck.

Last but not least I saw the Earl & Countess of Fingall, who won the much-coveted Gold Cup with his good chaser Roddy Owen which is trained by Danny Morgan in Ireland. This was an extremely popular win as Lord Fingall, one of the best type of sportsmen, has a host of friends in England and as a young man was one of the gamest amateur riders.

Earl's fiancée watched

Lady Apsley had a big party in her box including her future daughter-in-law Miss Judith Nelson who marries Earl Bathurst in London this week. In the next box, with its private luncheon room at the rear, Capt. & Mrs. Charles Tremayne had numerous friends including Col. & Mrs. Geoff Phipps

Hornby, Capt. Geoffrey Brooke the successful flat-race trainer and his wife, Major & Mrs. Charles Fellowes, Major Reggie Freeman-Thomas, and Mr. Percival Williams who was up from Cornwall with his wife for the meeting. He is always a leading personality at the Peterborough Foxhound Show and has bred some of the finest foxhounds in the country.

Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson (who had such bad luck when their horse Pas Seul fell when leading by two lengths at the last fence in the Gold Cup) had a big party in their box. Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn, who always have the most delicious food for their guests, had the Countess of Durham, the Countess of Home and Major "Eddie" Boyd with them. The Earl of Home arrived to stay with them at Williamstrip for the meeting, but owing to the current Commonwealth crisis he had to return to London without ever getting to the races.

Their first Cheltenham

Other friends I met from all parts of the country were Lord & Lady Stafford (who had motored down from Staffordshire and were enjoying their first Cheltenham), Lord & Lady Grimthorpe, his son Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett and his attractive wife Lady Elizabeth Beckett, Major & Mrs. Roger Ingham, Mr. & Mrs. Philip Pease, and Mrs. Brotherton, all from Yorkshire. From Essex were Sir Nigel & Lady Mordaunt and Mr. Dick Wilkins who all had runners, and Mr. & Mrs. Guy Lawrence. They all stayed with other friends at the comfortable Bear Hotel at Woodstock, which is also an ideal place to stay for the Shakespeare season at Stratford-on-Avon as the food is excellent and the rooms and service good.

Essex has a success

Also from Essex were Mr. & Mrs. "Jock" Russell and Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Bailey. Mr. Bailey received a great ovation when Mac Joy, which he trains, entered the winners' unsaddling enclosure for the second year running after having won the Broadway Novices steeplechase. From Cheshire I met Sir Evelyn & Lady Delves Broughton (who were staying in Warwickshire with Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H.), and Col. & Mrs. Dick Verdin. Racegoers from Sussex included the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall, Major & Mrs. Derek

Wigan, Col. & Mrs. Lawrence Rook who were with her father Mr. Graeme Whitelaw & Mrs. Whitelaw (who live in Scotland) and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Duncanson. Norfolk friends included Mr. David Keith and his pretty wife well wrapped up in a mink coat, and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott. From Wales came Sir Edward & Lady Pode and Sir David & Lady Evans-Bevan, who had a runner on the first day.

Others racing and greeting friends at this happy meeting were Earl & Countess Cadogan (he was one of the stewards), Lord & Lady Rotherwick, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, the Marquess of Blandford watching the horses in the paddock with the Countess of Derby, Lord Norrie, Mr. & Mrs. David Brown just back from Nassau in time to see their horse Linwell (the winner in 1957) finish second in the Gold Cup, Major & Mrs. Edward Paget, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cazalet, Major & Mrs. Roger Harvey, and Mrs. A. T. Hodgson who has several horses in training with Peter Cazalet.

Others in the stands

Major Rushton and his daughter Mrs. Tollit (his Mr. Teddy won the United Hunts Challenge Cup), were there, also Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Sir Nicholas & Lady Cayzer, Mr. & Mrs. George Gibson, Lord James Crichton-Stuart and his pretty fiancée Miss Sally Croker-Poole, Mr. & Mrs. Ian Galloway (just back from Spain where they have a house, and on their way home to Scotland), Mr. & Mrs. Britten Jones, the well-known I.T.V. commentator Col. Tony Cooke and his wife, Lady Biddulph, Lady Anne Holland-Martin, Lord Stavordale, and the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who was chic in a white leather coat and white beret.

They were watching with the Earl & Countess of Rocksavage; also Dr. Freeman Johnson, Mr. "Benjy" Yeats-Brown, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mrs. Judd and her daughter Caroline, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Clegg, Col. & Mrs. Alan Wood, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Hague chatting to Lady (Derek) Cooper, Mrs. Violet Kingseote, Major Stirling Stuart, his daughter Mrs. Batzen, Col. James Hanbury joint-Master of the Belvoir hounds, and Mr. Tim Rootes, the popular young owner of Some Baby which he hunts with the Warwickshire hounds and which won the Foxhunter's Challenge Cup on the last day.

I return to Monte Carlo

While at Monte Carlo (which I mentioned briefly last week) my most exciting moment was at seeing the progress of the four new luxurious floors being built on to the Ronde of the Hotel de Paris. The whole thing, which consists of 60 bedrooms (all with bathrooms) and eight sitting-rooms, many of which form superb suites, a starlight grill-room with a roof that rolls back, and a private room for cocktail and dinner parties which are on the eighth floor, will be finished for the summer season. All the new rooms will then be air-conditioned.

The new floors are being decorated with the best of everything by five of France's top interior decorators headed by M. Pierre Delbée of Janssen in Paris. He has decorated a number of the luxurious suites and is to do the grillroom which has, besides a retractable roof, sliding glass walls overlooking the sea. The other well-known designers doing the décor are Henry Alavoine, Victor Grandpierre, Gerard Mille, and Rafaele, whose work is perhaps the most modern of the team. I went round some of the suites with M. Jacques Lefèvres, who has worked hard with these designers choosing the décor.

Breakfast on a balcony

The fifth and sixth floors are already furnished and were full. I occupied one of the new rooms on the sixth floor. As well as a french window, my room had a large double glass window and door leading on to a balcony where there was ample room for a table and two chairs, and here I enjoyed breakfast in the sun each morning. To raise or lower the shutters of the balcony there is a switch beside the bed, as well as on the balcony. The tiled bathrooms, which also have well-lit dressing tables, are the last word in luxury, and a new gadget I found was a regulator beside the bath tap which enabled one at any time to draw water at the heat required.

I have always found the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo the best run and the most comfortable hotel I have ever stayed in, in any part of the world, and now it is better than ever. M. Broc who runs it is a perfectionist, and everything is under his personal supervision, which also extends to the grand galas at Monte Carlo. These, too, are possibly the most elegant of any in the world.

In the Mediterranean Sun

In Monte Carlo as in Cannes, everyone was radiating enjoyment and marvelling at the incessant sunshine. Among those who have been enjoying the sun here are the Earl & Countess of Mexborough (he played tennis each day), Lord & Lady Evans with Sir Eric Miéville, Capt. & the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet over from Ireland and on their way to Italy, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant (who were motoring out each day to visit friends or lunch at one of the many delightful little restaurants in the mountains), Lord & Lady Sackville, Viscountess Downe, and Sir Colin & Lady Barber who were all staying at the Metropole.

In the Hotel de Paris I met Major & the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan and

their elder daughter Mrs. Roger Humphreys. Major Macdonald-Buchanan came out here after his second attack of bronchitis this winter and was already looking fit; they all played golf up at Monte Agel most days. In the Hotel de Paris I also met Mrs. Robert Miesegaes now living in a flat in Monte Carlo with her husband.

Major & Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell had come out from Yorkshire and were staying here. He was recuperating from a major operation at Christmas and a bad attack of influenza, but happily was improving daily in the sunshine. With them I also met Col. & Mrs. Geoffrey Darly who have abandoned the bleak winters in Yorkshire and bought a villa at Cap d'Ail where they are now living permanently.

Others staying at the Hotel de Paris included Lady Michelham, Capt. & Mrs. Granville Soames, the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Americans Col. & Mrs. L. Mandel, Mr. & Mrs. R. Aitkin and Mr. & Mrs. J. Jacks, and Comte and Comtesse A. Maggi from Italy. Visitors I met in the casino included Mrs. John Ormiston over from Cap d'Ail where she was staying with her husband in Mr. Harald & Dame Felicity Peake's charming villa, also Lord & Lady Essenden who were both in form. Viscount Rothermere was staying at his lovely villa but unfortunately got influenza shortly after he arrived and was laid up for some time.

They built a villa

I lunched at Le Château de Terraces at Cap Ferrat with the Hon. Neville Berry and his attractive wife who looked chic in a blue linen dress. They have spent a couple of quiet months out here, so that Mr. Berry, who was seriously ill last autumn, has been able to recuperate. I met Sir George & Lady Abercromby on their way home from Monte Carlo, also Major-Gen. Charles Dunphie who was being seen off at Nice Airport by his wife. The Dunphies had just been moving in to the small villa they have built right on the point at Cap Ferrat. It sounds an ideal spot to fly down to, for a quiet rest and sunshine. They have kept it small and fitted it with every labour-saving device so that there will be no staff problems.



Fayer

ANDREW, six months, son of
Mr. & Mrs. E. P. Balcombe,
Ellerdale Road, N.W.3

Other People's Babies



Tom Hustler

CHARLES, three years, son of
Mr. & Mrs. W. Foster, Litcham
Hall, Kings Lynn, Norfolk



Desmond Groves

CAMILLA, two years,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. de
Ferranti, Kerfield House,
Knutsford, Cheshire



F. J. Goodman

CRISPIN, four years, son of
the Hon. Hugo & Mrs.
Money-Coutts, Dean
House, Kilnerton, Hants



Major & Mrs. Peter Thinn with
Lady Glenarthur



Mr. & Mrs. David Lowsley-Williams.
They come from the Beaufort country



Sir Andrew & Lady Horsbrugh-Porter
(they live in Gloucestershire)
with Major & Mrs. Roland Stedman



Sir George Dowty (his
Tokoroa was a runner) with
Lady Evetts and Lady Dowty

The Queen Mother. Her horse, Double
Star, finished third in the two mile
Champion Steeplechase

The mud-bespattered Gold Cup
winner, the Earl of Fingall's Roddy
Owen (ridden by H. Beasley)



*The Queen Mother
sees the Gold Cup
go to the Earl
of Fingall's entry:
Princess Margaret a
second-day visitor*

Princess Margaret was at
Cheltenham for the second
day of the National
Hunt meeting



Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Master of the
Cotswold Hunt

Mrs. Michael Sobell. Her husband's
Flame Gun won the Cotswold Steeplechase



The R.A.F. RESERVES *club's annual ball at the Dorchester*

A. V. Swaabe



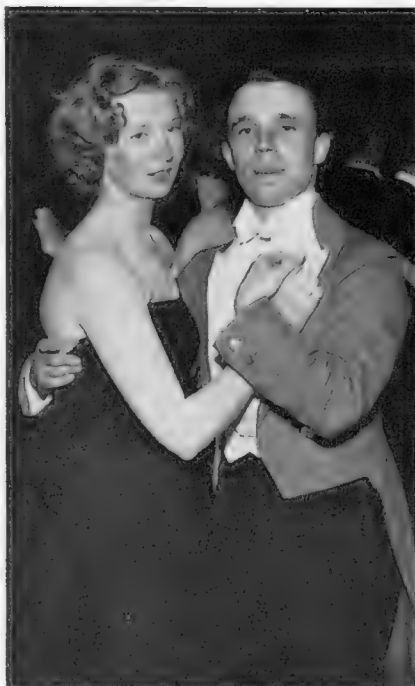
Mrs. Dennis Walters (daughter of Sir Archibald McIndoe) with Mr. Robin Beare (a plastic surgeon). *Top:* Miss Gillian Mackay with test pilot Mr. Brian Trubshaw and Mr. Geoffrey Page (*centre*)

Councillor F. H. Mooney (chairman of the ball committee) with Lady McIndoe, Sir Archibald, the plastic surgeon (he is president of the R.A.F. Reserves Club, now in its tenth year), Mr. Bernard Reed and Mrs. F. H. Mooney

P. C. Palmer



Mrs. P. Cazalet (wife of the trainer) and Mr. A. Gaselee. He is joint-Master of the West Kent Hunt



Miss Virginia Gaselee (daughter of Mr. A. Gaselee) with Mr. John Lewis of the 11th Hussars



Mr. Bryan Allfrey with Miss Virginia Llewellyn (she is a member of the Pytchley)



Miss Susan O'Dwyer and Mr. Robin Berkeley. He is studying at Pembroke College, Cambridge

The WEST KENT *hunt ball at the Wildernesse Country Club*

The CARDINALS' BALL

at Cambridge Guildhall for
rowing men of St. Catharine's

Miss Madeline Harrison, of Newnham,
with Mr. Peter Coni, president of
the ball which is held annually



Miss Kathleen Mason, Miss Stella Moore (a University librarian) & Mr. Bill Jennings (an agricultural student). Behind them, the rowing club motif

Van Hallan

Right: Miss Isobel Boys, Mr. Geoffrey Tippleston, the Cardinals' president last year, Mr. Christopher Gosland of Queens' College & Miss Carol Wearn. Both girls are models



Miss Anne Newbigging, a nurse, & Mr. John Cox, formerly at Queens' College. Tommy Kinsman's Latin American band provided the music



Miss Jane Kemp with engineering student Mr. Ian Young. Mr. Bernard Miles appeared in the midnight cabaret



Miss Juliet Massen with Mr. Bob Alexander, who reads Law at King's College



Olympic horseman
Lt.-Col. F. W. C.
Weldon won the
Subscribers' &
Farmers' Race on
Snowhill Jim

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
P. C. PALMER

Right: Judy Maurice
(her father is
secretary of the
Beaufort Hunt
Supporters' Club)
with Caroline Corbett



Miss Sarah Milner and Miss D. Soper,
pupils at Westonbirt Ladies' School



Miss Freya Souter Clarence was
among early arrivals at Didmarton

POINT-TO-POINT OF THE BEAUFORT HUNT

held at Didmarton, Glos



The Duchess of Beaufort
with her sister, Lady
Helena Gibbs



Miss Margaret Harman and
Miss Janet Huck are members
of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst)



Capt. F. F. Spicer (chairman
of the committee)
with Major Philip Donner



The Duke of Beaufort with
Lt.-Col. G. Cox-Cox (organizer
of the Badminton trials)



Fig. Sir Henry Floyd, Bt. (joint-Master of the S. Oxford and one of the judges), with Col. P. F. I. Reid & Brig. R. C. Lempriere-Robin, both stewards



Mr. J. L. Barnett after winning the Farmers' Race on Longmire. Rain made the going heavy but entries were large for each race

POINT-TO-POINT OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE

Saddle Club at Crowell, Oxon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE



Left: Miss Penny Spriggs & Mr. James Hare



Mrs. P. Smyly, whose horse Quarantine won the Open Race, with Lord Goschen

Miss Jane Ridd. There were big crowds despite the weather



Lt.-Col. T. F. R. Bulkeley, who hunts with the Heythrop, rode Witch Boy in the first race (won by Mr. Clarke's Niazara)

Lt.-Col. J. M. Miller (he hunts with the Belvoir and the Cottismore) rode Caractacus in the Heavyweight Race. He came third



The time I tried to see *Cosi fan Tutte*

by FAY HALL

The coming festival season at Salzburg will end an era. A new Festspielhaus is now being built behind the old one and it will come into use next year. But the famous performances in the palace courtyard will still go on

FROM the moment I arrived in Salzburg I should have known that I was never meant to see *Cosi fan Tutte*. Unfortunately, however, I had grown so accustomed in England to obtaining everything I wanted. My friends frequently congratulated me on the facility with which I acquired tickets for such things as the Bolshoi Ballet, Glyndebourne, and *La Traviata* with Maria Callas. I would reply with a deprecating shrug, a mysterious smile, and protestations that it was simply a matter of luck. This was in fact the truth, but I never intended anyone to believe it, and certainly nobody did.

So when I applied for tickets to *Cosi fan Tutte* eight months in advance it was hard to be told that none was available. And it was no consolation that *Figaro* and *Fidelio*. *Don Carlos* and

Arabella were within my grasp—not to mention the odd *lieder* recital. What I wanted above all things to see was *Cosi fan Tutte*. This, however, was to be given in the small courtyard of Salzburg's Residenz Palace, where outdoor seating had been built up to accommodate a few hundred people at the most.

Happy-few! I thought as I prowled around the stands, admiring the simple but gracious design of the stage set, and peopling it in my imagination with characters from the opera. My eyes roved upwards and suddenly I exclaimed half aloud: "But this place has windows!" It had, indeed, large windows, some of which were closing now as office workers left the building for lunch. After a moment's hesitation I approached a doorway and stood there waiting. Two fat men came downstairs talking volubly in German. In one short minute I suffered all the emotions of the inexperienced beggar; at the crucial second my courage failed me and I let them pass.

Eventually a woman came down and I asked her haltingly if she spoke English. She did, but when I pursued my interrogation she shook her head and smiled ruefully. No, a place at one of the windows was out of the question; it was the first night of the opera, and everybody in Salzburg wanted to see it. It might, she added, have been easier if I had asked the porter earlier, but today it was too late. I seized on this one straw and asked breathlessly where the porter was to be found. With true Austrian courtesy she guided me to his lodge and explained my predicament to a woman who was sitting there. "The porter," I was told, "has gone to lunch."

I asked if there was any possibility of his helping me if I came back later.

"Come back at two o'clock," was the reply. "but be prepared for a disappointment."

I rushed off to lunch myself and, allowing the porter a few minutes' grace, returned to the Residenz at five past two.

"You are too late," I was briefly informed. "He has gone."

"Gone?" I echoed faintly. "Then may I wait till he comes back?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders in a distinctly negative manner, and pointed out of the window. "That is him—the young man in a grey jacket."

I was away in a flash. The consciousness of many eyes on me prevented me from running full tilt after the retreating grey jacket, but I lengthened my stride and reached the opposite side of the courtyard only a few seconds after my quarry had disappeared. Where had he gone? A broad flight of stairs lay before me, and at the top of them a man was putting a key in a lock and opening a door. I took the stairs three at a time and arrived just soon enough to pass through the door and find myself among a crowd of tourists. As in a nightmare I perceived that the porter had turned into a guide.

BRIGGS by Graham



and was about to conduct a tour of the state rooms. It was not, emphatically not, a propitious moment to negotiate a black market deal, especially in a language of which my knowledge was so limited.

Still panting with excitement and exertion, I decided to follow the tour. I would draw as little attention to myself as possible, and approach the guide at the end of it. Watching other people pay six Austrian shillings for their entry, I put down six myself, hoping that my hand was not shaking too noticeably. There was a short silence, and I looked up to see the guide searching my face with a long, steady look. "But you are alone," he said gravely. "It is only three shillings for one person." And he returned the surplus coins to me.

After this initial mistake I retreated into the throng and trudged doggedly from one stately apartment to another. Unable to understand a word of what was said, I followed the lead of the other tourists and directed my eyes upwards to the ceiling or sideways to the fireplace. My hope was that I would thus appear to be one of the flock, while in reality I was studying the guide. Will he help me? I asked myself. And if he is to be bought, what is his price? I decided it would be wise to name my highest bid first, but even that (300 shillings, or approximately £4) was only the price of the best tickets, and was ridiculous by comparison with the sums currently offered for opera tickets in Salzburg.

The tour ended. The young man was standing by the door showing out the last tourists and waiting for me to go.

"If you please—" I began haltingly.

He bowed and, to my infinite relief, closed the door so that we were alone.

"Do you speak English?" I asked hopefully. No, he did not speak English. Nor French. Nor Italian. His face expressed a courteous regret and no hint of reproach that I, in Austria, should speak no Austrian.

I mustered all my weak resources, and asked in a series of gasps: "Have you—this evening—a window-place—for 300 shillings?" Unfortunately I was totally unable to understand his reply, but the manner in which he shook his head was international.

We left the state apartments and walked down the wide stairs together. He appeared to be deep in thought. At the bottom he said in German: "I will see what I can do. Come here this evening, but come early."

In amazed delight I opened my mouth to thank him, but he added quickly: "No 300 shillings. Just come here this evening." And with that he withdrew.

When the time came I was trembling with excitement. As I waited among the crowd just inside the courtyard the guide, now again a porter, passed by me in a black overall. I bowed to him slightly and in a few minutes he returned and led me silently up to a first-floor room with several chairs grouped around each window. He handed me a printed card, indicated the chair nearest the window, and retired almost before I could express my gratitude.

Left alone, I considered my position with boundless satisfaction. Leaning on the window-sill I looked straight across at the stage as from a royal box. It was a perfect night, and I could hardly credit my own happiness. In half an hour I should be listening to one of the most exquisite Mozart operas, performed by singers who were well-known to me by legend or, better still, by experience.

The room began to fill with people. It was, I found, the Franco-Austrian Club, but nobody challenged my nationality and everyone clearly took me to be somebody else's guest. I was thoroughly enjoying myself when the conversation lapsed into Austrian, and I became aware that all was not well.

"What is it?" I said to the woman next to me. "What's happening?"

"On ne joue pas," she replied sadly.

"On ne joue pas! They are not going to play? But it's impossible!" I exclaimed.



THE SOCIAL ALPHABET

C stands for commissionaire

*The sergeant's stripes upon his arm,
The medals on his chest,
His attitude of haughty calm—
One is impressed.*

*His full monopoly of things
I nevertheless detest.
Until I've cut those apron-strings,
I'll never rest!*

*For private enterprise I'll fight,
And personally grab
What he regards as his by right—
A taxi-cab.*

*Confounded is the feeble plot,
Another dream gone west.
The so-and-so has pinched the lot.
I might have guessed.*

Francis Kinsman

"Look," she said, pointing out of the window. While we had been talking the orchestra had quietly disappeared; at that moment the piano was being carried indoors, and members of the audience were slowly following it.

"It is the theatre management," I was told. "They think that there may be thunder later in the evening."

I looked round the courtyard. At every window there were people—men in dinner-jackets uncorking bottles, and ladies sparkling with jewels but, alas, not with smiles. People lingered on, but when the last ticket-holder had disappeared indoors the window spectators abandoned all hope. I thanked and shook hands with the lady whom I judged to be hostess at the *Klub Amitié France-Autriche*.

"Not at all," she replied, "it has been a great pleasure."

The curious thing, I reflected as I sat down later for the dinner I had expected to forgo, was that it *had* been a great pleasure. As the clear summer night wore on, with not the slightest hint of rain in the starlit sky, I was sorry I had missed *Così fan Tutte*, but I still think of it as an occasion for laughter rather than for tears.

STRIKING Mr. Daniel Buckney will be 80 tomorrow—just 20 years younger than Big Ben, the clock he has looked after for 32 years. The Pall Mall firm of clock-makers of which he is managing director installed Big Ben and is responsible for maintaining it. The original contract was signed by his grandmother. Mr. Buckney will shortly be succeeded as managing director by his son, Mr. Daniel Patrick Buckney (*with him, left*)



Ida Kar



Alan Vines

SECRETARY Mr. Robert Beloe (*left*), photographed in his Richmond home, is the first lay secretary (a new post) to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Aged 53, he has been chief education officer for Surrey for 25 years, and has also served on several Government committees. He was a member of the Royal Commission on marriage and divorce. Though he has not taken a prominent part in church affairs, he comes from a family of clergymen (his brother is a Portsmouth vicar). He is a married man with three grown-up children

Gerti Deutsch



SYMPHONY Clifford Curzon (*right*) plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 at the Festival Hall tonight. It will be his first concert in England for a year. He has been on tour in the United States since January and was earlier resting from concert appearances in order to work on his repertoire and make new recordings. Tonight's concert, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, will be conducted by Rudolf Schwarz





STARRY Katina Theodossiou (42) reads the stars for businessmen. She is an astrologer who applies the ancient craft of foretelling the future to the problems of City companies. She provides answers to such queries as what jobs employees are most suited for and when to hold board meetings. She believes that she is the only astrologer in the world doing this. Like other astrologers, however, she deals with more domestic matters and claims to have 10,000 clients on her books, many of them from overseas

NEWS PORTRAITS



KENYA SAFARI

Suddenly the eyes of the world are on Africa. Events like this year's two royal visits, next week's international car rally, and the growing political unrest from coast to coast, keep the once-forgotten continent constantly in the news. In this composite feature THE TATLER turns to traditional Africa. The wild life of Kenya is portrayed as the tourist can see it and the spectacular scenery is displayed as a sun-sure setting for summer fashions

Big-game photography by Geoffrey Dempsey

Safari report by Robin Douglas-Home

Fashion photography by Michel Molinare

Left: *A vulture circles overhead.*
Below (opposite): *Grazing giraffes blend with the foliage.* (Centre): *Zebra and buck.*
(Right): *Baboon.* COVER PICTURE by Robin Douglas-Home

YOU ARRIVE AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST AT ABOUT 3 P.M. There you leave your vehicle, making sure to remove anything edible (if elephants smell something appetizing in a parked car, they are liable to leave it looking like a battered Dinky toy). You are met by a guide armed with a rifle, who leads you along a track punctuated at intervals by elephant spoor. On each side laddered steps are tactfully provided on tree trunks in case you turn a corner and find yourself staring into the beady eye of something rather larger and heavier than yourself.

After about a mile, you reach Treetops itself. The present hotel, visited recently by the Queen Mother, is a rebuilt version of the one in which the Queen was staying with Prince Philip when news was brought of her father's death. That earlier structure was burnt down by the Mau-Mau. Treetops Hotel today is a three-tiered, wooden structure, built on stout, tree-trunk poles. It can take eight guests at a time. The first-floor houses the stores and lavatories, the second the dining-room, bedrooms and a balcony (equipped with adjustable aeroplane seats) overlooking the water-hole; the third, and top, is a flat roof with a balustrade round it.

Treetops is in a salient of the vast Aberdare Forest where game come to drink at the water-hole, which is a muddy, kidney-shaped lake about 150 yards across, surrounded by trees and bushes. Its water contains some sort of mineral tonic which attracts game, and salt is spread on the banks to make it even more attractive.

Silence must be strictly observed—no talking, and no noisy shoes. Rubber soles or stockinged feet are essential. "All the air a solemn stillness holds. . . ." The only noises are weird, echoing bird-calls, or barely audible African voices from the village a mile or so away outside the forest.

A dozen water-buck and gazelle have come to the water's edge, some of them barely 30 yards away. Just as tea and fresh pineapple slices are being served by a smartly hatted African, two bulky, grotesque, brown shapes saunter into view out of the undergrowth—a rhino mother and daughter. Round they come, snuffling and sniffing like two old dowagers with a cold, till they are right underneath you. Then, and only then, do you see what a truly lethal weapon is the rhino's horn. Though they raise their heads at the whirr and click of a camera, they stay until long after dark, rooting away in the mud. . . .

At dusk a large arc-light on the roof is switched on. Called an "artificial moon," it brings the game near to the structure and makes them more visible to the spectators hidden behind the beam.

Dinner is served on a table down which runs a little "railway" to enable you to pass the plates and dishes along without noise. Conversation can only be whispered—which can be a boon if you are between two garrulous strangers. After dinner, as you

continued on page 549



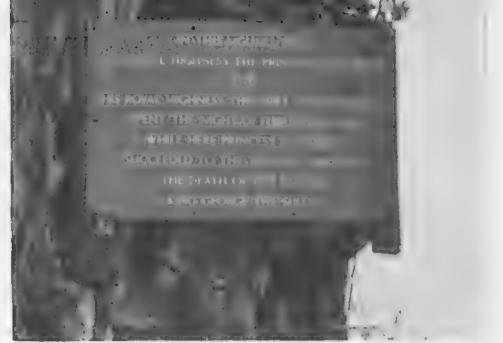


Contrast in transport: Arriving (*above*) at Nairobi Airport after a

22-hour flight by Viscount from Gatwick via Rome, Benghazi, Wadi Halfa, Khartoum and Entebbe, model Marla Scarafia talks to Tom Lockhart-Mure, Airwork's representative in Kenya who arranged the details of the fashion safari.

(*Right*) Marla rides a rhino at Carr Hartley's lonely wild animal farm out in the Kenya plains. Marla arrived in Susan Small's sleeveless blue ribbed jersey dress which has a heavy-knit ribbed jacket with insets of the blue jersey on the collar and pocket flaps. (Obtainable at Jays, Regent Street, W.1; Rosa Rose, Egham, Surrey, and Studholme's, Carlisle, prices: the dress 6½ gns., the jacket 12½ gns., available end of March.) For the farm visit she wore Frank Usher's sky blue and white printed pure silk dress which has a drawstring waistline trimmed with two bows at the back. (At Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; Nola, Chester, and Chanal, Leeds, price: about 10½ gns.) Travel details are on page 554





In the branches of this tree the then Princess Elizabeth learned of her accession



TREETOPS VISIT *continued from p. 547*

recline on the sublimely comfortable seats on the balcony, you see the whole area round the water alive with game. The air is filled with grunts, sucks, splashes and snorts. Suddenly, with no warning whatsoever of their approach, appears a herd of more than 100 buffalo and the area in the arc-light seems to be one solid, moving mass of animal, unaware of the human spies in their midst.

The whole structure starts shaking violently. Is it an earthquake? No, just an elephant rubbing its flanks on one of the struts. . . . It is all so absorbing that only when you look at your watch and see it reads 2 a.m. do you think of sleep. You have seen more than your money's worth, though—and if you hadn't seen your quota of big game the hotel would refund your money. To keep a check the presence of every animal is even recorded in a visitors' book!

At dawn the water is wreathed in thin mist, dewy, glassy, peaceful—like a Scottish duck-lighting pond on an early autumn morning. Only one pair of water-buck remain after the crowds of the night.

Next, on to the safari proper, to the valley of the Mara River near the Kenya-Tanganyika border. Two hundred miles from Nairobi is a wide, saucer-shaped plain bordered on the west by a sheer escarpment, through the middle of which flows the lush-banked, fast-flowing, muddy Mara River. The drive is a rough one, over pot-holes, dried streams, sand, mud, rocks and ruts. But the scenery is panoramic and ever-changing, from Scottish Highlands to Arabian desert to Western movies to Alpes Maritimes and back to genuine Kenya plains.

The last sign of human civilization on the way is the village of Narok, consisting of little more than a police station, Government office, garage, general stores and a few huts. On the shelves of the stores are items which until recently were difficult to obtain even in London—liqueurs, chipolata sausages and other luxuries, strangely out of place in this out-of-the-way setting. On through the hills, passing giraffes, ostriches, zebras, impala, secretary birds, and numerous other signs of wild life. The camp site—

continued overleaf



Animal farm:

The lion cubs and the baby leopard are far from being tame but Marla found them in a peaceful after-lunch mood when she visited the Carr Hartley farm. Her dress, by Montego Bay, (*above, left*) is a cotton sheath with a bloused back and printed with an exotic design of giant tropical butterflies. (Obtainable at D. H. Evans, W.1; Matthias Robinson, Leeds, and Busby's, Harrogate, price: about £5 19s. 6d.) The leopard cub (*above, right*) nestles against Dorville's dress of

their Dorlinic (exclusively for Lillywhites) in a shade of periwinkle blue. Sapphire blue beads by Jewelcraft. Kikuyu village children (*right*) ran from their mud and thatch huts to greet the visitors. Marla spoke no Swahili, they spoke no English, but there was admiration for her cotton shirtwaister by Horrockses in white patterned with yellow roses. (Stocked by Galeries Lafayette, W.1; County Clothes, Cheltenham, and Biggars, Glasgow, price: £7 12s. 6d. Sandals by Gamba)

KENYA SAFARI *continued*

LION COUNTRY
continued from
page 549

Geoffrey Dempsey



a clearing in the trees right on the banks of the Mara—is reached just before dark.

A first night on the ground in big-game country is an unforgettable experience, especially if there is a moon and a cloudless sky. The whole air is alive, vibrant with a buzzing, ubiquitous tension as if a million invisible creatures were all talking their heads off at one vast cocktail party. It is so unlike an English night, where all is calm and unruffled except for the sound of a train, a car, a dog barking or an owl hooting. Here even the trees seem to be whispering frantically among themselves. Glow-worms appear in thousands and it is easy to believe the guide's leg-pull that those lights just

outside the campfire circle are the eyes of lions and cheetahs watching and waiting for the fire to die down . . .!

The routine next morning is to rise with the dawn, don jerseys, and drive with the armed guide into the plain—making sure that all windows and doors fasten securely, as it is dangerous to approach lions in an open vehicle. The horizon grows more orange with every moment, for the sun is not up yet, and the air is uncommonly cold but wonderfully exhilarating. The plain teems with wild life. Game moves in front, behind and on both sides of you—zebra, wildebeest, impala, hyenas, jackals, giraffe, warthogs.

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RIVER WATCH *continued from page 550.*

baboons, waterbuck, gazelle and buffalo. The sight is awesome.

Leaving the plain you drive into the waist-high grass up the slight incline. Suddenly the guide stiffens, exclaims, points. Just discernible there is a shape moving through the grass—a long, mottled back. What is it? A cheetah on its morning hunt. As you drive cautiously up, you see the undulating muscles, the flat, shrunken, vicious head too small for the length and grace and power of the body. The cheetah checks, forelegs on a mound, and scrutinizes you from 15 yards' range. A twig snaps behind. The head flashes round quicker than light. A few more searching glances and it moves on, on its sinister round. You feel your heart pounding just as it does in a good thriller movie.

On again through the long grass. The sun is up now and the sudden light is blinding. "Stop! Look!" hisses someone. There, not 25 yards away, stands a magnificently maned lion that could get a job with M-G-M any day of the week. He stares with arrogant distaste and roars: twin spumes of breath jab the cold air, reminiscent of pictures of knights' warhorses in fairytale books. He marches on and you follow at a discreet and respectful interval. But he does not bother to cast a further look in your direction. Later on, as you round a small clump of thick bushes, you all but collide with, not one, but 17 lions, grouped for all the world like a winning football team—front row lying, middle row kneeling, back row sitting, all trying to catch the first warm rays of sun.

On now to the river itself. The vehicle is left a few hundred yards from the banks, and you feel naked and vulnerable as you creep stealthily through the undergrowth towards the bank. Silence except for the rushing waters. Then . . . SPLASH! Has someone fallen in? As you peer you identify instead the ugly, flat head and back of a hippo floating just below you. Time to catch the look of those cold, unblinking eyes when there is a gurgle and . . . nothing. This routine

concluded on page 554

On the new road through the Aberdare Mountains, opened by the Queen Mother



Michael Molinare



At Treetops

(above) Marla met white hunter Bill York who told her of the wild life which shelters in the surrounding bush during the heat of the day. Her dress is Horrockses cool leaf-green cotton print with a rounded scooped-out neckline and peg-top skirt. (At Cresta, New Bond Street; Nottingham House, Preston, and James & Kither, Ashford, Kent, price: £3 17s. 6d.) The new Treetops, where the Queen Mother stayed on her recent Kenya visit, replaces the original "house-in-a-tree" on the other side of the water-hole where the then Princess Elizabeth learned that she had become Queen.

continued opposite

KENYA SAFARI *continued*



Marla's two other choices for the Treetops visit were (*above left*), Jaeger's pink linen and Terylene button-through dress which ties at the waist (Jaeger's Regent & Sloane St. branches and also in Manchester, price: 9½ gns.) and (*left*) Jean Allen's yellow sail-cloth jacket and apple-printed piqué jeans (Wakeford's, Chelsea; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, and Cyril Livingstone, Leeds, price 9½ gns.). The dusty red road from Thompson's Falls to Nyeri crosses the Equator. For the halt (*above*) Marla wore Polly Peck's grey silk two-piece. The shirt has a bloused back and is worn with a wide mauve leather contour belt. (At Cresta, New Bond Street; Blyth's, Edinburgh, and Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead, price: 11 gns.)



UNDER CANVAS *continued from p. 552.*

is repeated. At one moment there may be a quartet of hippos all engaged in what appears to be a breath-holding competition under water. Then a lion roars unpleasantly close and you are back inside the vehicle almost before the roar has faded. So back to breakfast.

It is too hot to do much by day and the only sign of animal life is the pack of baboons gambolling just outside your camp, and the vultures that soar eternally overhead. So you just laze in the hot sun.

There is another drive in the cool of the late evening but it lacks the magic and fresh quality of the dawn outing. Back for dinner and bed by oil-lamp, tent-flaps well pegged down after stories about hyenas biting off human toes that stick out from under tents at night! The bustling noises all around the camp keep you awake, but not for long.

When you eventually return to civilization, you are probably welcomed by newspaper headlines about Mr. Dulles, Mr. K. and the H.-Bomb. Somehow they don't seem so important as before. It is an effort to read them after your five days in another world.

KENYA SAFARI *concluded*

In Mombasa, the ancient Arab port on the shores of the Indian Ocean, Marla's dress and jacket of dusty pink Dorlinie made a modern contrast with the grim fortress built by the Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama. By Dorville the loose box jacket is lined, the dress has a loosely buttoned self-belt. (At Lillywhites, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Bradford; and King's, Glasgow, price: about 25½ gns. Dorville's straw hat.) The fashion safari ended aboard a dhow (*below*) whose Persian master had brought a cargo of tiles and rugs from Iran. Marla wore a three-piece by Susan Small in sky blue and white checked jersey. The top is edged with blue ribbing, the skirt is dead straight, the jacket loose-fitting. (Jay's, Regent Street; Moselle, Watford; Hammonds, Hull, price: 12 gns. Pearls by Jewelfcraft.) The dhowmaster's farewell gift was an Arab headdress, with it (*right*) Marla wore Jaeger's white mohair and nylon mixture coat. (At most Jaeger shops throughout the country, price: 25½ gns.)

FOR THE TRAVELLER: The Viscount-Safari service is operated jointly by Airwork and Hunting Clan (two privately owned British airlines). Return fare to Nairobi (£199 16s. 0d.) is £34 4s. cheaper than other tourist class fares on the same route and there are no overnight stops. Nairobi to Mombasa East African Railways run a sleeper service which leaves at 6 p.m. and descends the 7,000 ft. from Nairobi to sea-level, crossing 300 miles of big game country to reach the Indian Ocean port at 8 a.m.







IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

In colour tones for spring

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER



Gay for spring from the Budget Shop at Debenham & Freebody, a suit and toning blouse (here in powder blue but also available in many other colours), price: 15 gns. The suit is in a light wool with a bouclé effect, the cardigan jacket has three-quarter length sleeves trimmed with buttons and the skirt is straight. The "blouson" blouse (detail, *right*) is made in a pure silk hyacinth-blue and white flower print; the neckline is softly folded into a loose tie and again the sleeves are three-quarter length. The river pearl bracelets cost 1 gn. each and the luxan hide bag £5 19s. 6d., also at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1



LORD DUNGAVEL: "Is that brandy going to your head?"

LADY DUNGAVEL: "Nothing ever goes to my head—except you sometimes."



"I can't wait for my freedom . . . and my alimony . . . half your sheep and half your cows. I'll insist that each is cut in half so's I get my fair share"

"IN the matter of fashions in play-writing," wrote the *News Chronicle* dramatic critic, Alan Dent, of *A Taste Of Honey*, at Wyndham's Theatre, "the kitchen sink is definitely in, just as the drawing-room is definitely out." Whereupon Mr. John Osborne, jumping smartly to the defence of the £20,000 he had already paid Miss Shelagh Delaney for the film rights of her play, rapped Mr. Dent over the knuckles. He assured him regretfully that there was no danger of kitchen-sink play-writing superseding the drawing-room variety because: "There are still more than enough bigots who go to the theatre neither to see nor to listen, but to have their own cosy, private images of life indulged by the efficient flattery of entertainment."

Mr. Osborne had a point. For a long time British playwrights seemed to be the one section of society on which the war had no marked effect. No vital new ideas poured forth, no shattering new philosophy was expounded. For a while the old brigade were on Easy Street and even the intelligent efforts of authors like Peter Ustinov and Christopher Fry could not disguise the way in which British drama was drifting aimlessly, and more often than not, tediously.

Although odd plays gave temporary face lifts that concealed the tiredness and boredom underneath—just as Lesley Storm's *Roar Like A Doce* is doing today—there was no escaping the fact that drawing room comedies, dramas and thrillers were becoming increasingly facile and inane. What was needed was an army of new young authors in the field. In fact only one, Peter Shaffer—whose *Five Finger Exercise* is, to date, the drawing-room's best answer to the kitchen sink—appeared. And he appeared too late to have any major influence on the shape of things to come.

For, in the meantime, the strength of the kitchen-sink school of drama has grown prodigiously. At first Mr. Dent seemed to be the only critic to realize how significant this movement is. But under Osborne's attack he showed himself to be as incapable as his colleagues of assessing its true nature and, going one better than "the kitchen sink," dismissed the whole thing scornfully as "lavatory drama."

The impact of *A Taste Of Honey* on the critics was both revealing and amusing. Not one of them,

one felt, was able to cope with it sincerely. They struck attitudes, patronizing, rapturous, indignant, bored. Praise came from the most unexpected quarters as the representatives of "quality" papers discovered working-class blood in their middle-class veins. No Right Wing paper came out with screaming headlines that a Left Wing fifth column had infiltrated into Shaftesbury Avenue. Yet that is what had happened. Miss Delaney had broken the class barrier.

True it had been done before, notably in recent months by Ted Willis's excellent but short-lived *Hot Summer Night*, but never so openly and blatantly.

Of course, one Taste of Honey does not make a Left Wing summer in the West End. But it is bound to have many successors and though Mr. Osborne's "bigots" may boycott them they will have a greater effect on our theatrical climate than anything since Ibsen.

This is not to imply that Shelagh Delaney is a conscious working-class propagandist. She is, rather, a natural—a "primitive" one critic called her—and because of this and the freshness with which it endows her squalid world, she is all the more formidable and has succeeded where the technically better equipped class-conscious intellectuals have failed.

The Theatre Workshop Company, from whose theatre in the East End *A Taste Of Honey* was transferred (by Socialist impresarios Wolf Mankowitz and Oscar Lewenstein in association with Mr. Donald Albery) is a lively, dedicated Left Wing group that has been putting on "kitchen sink" plays for years. Their brilliant producer, Miss Joan Littlewood, whose allegiance to the ideas and ideals of the late Bertolt Brecht has won her the title of "The East End's Mother Courage," could long ago have found financial success in the West End but she preferred the impecunious independence that allowed her to inject Socialist significance into everything from Shakespeare to pantomime.

I wish it were as easy to define the position of the Royal Court Theatre's New English Stage Company. Under its council of predominantly wealthy and titled men and women it has produced a stream of plays by

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALAN VINES
COMMENTARY BY
ALAN ROBERTS

Need playwrights go slumming for success?

Roar Like A Dove Lesley Storm's drawing-room comedy (at the Phoenix Theatre since September, 1957) reaches its climax in the library of Dungavel Castle when Lady Dungavel (Faith Brook), having borne six daughters in nine years, declines to continue the pursuit of a son and demands a divorce. Brandy alters her mind. When her husband (Patrick Barr) locks the door and hands her the key she throws it away along with her slipper (below) and says: "I don't care about being locked in. I like it, if you come and sit beside me."

A discussion of the Drawing-room *v.* Kitchen-sink

controversy

in the theatre





Peter Shaffer's play is a drawing-room drama of a wealthy family without peace and the conflicting emotions aroused in them by Walter Langer (played by Michael Bryant) an unhappy young German tutor who is



running away from his Nazi family. In the pictures above Louise Harrington (Adrianne Allen) attempts to comfort him. She says: "You musn't torment yourself . . . you're among friends." He bends and kisses her hands

Five Finger Exercise

at the Comedy

continued from page 558

young Socialist authors of the intellectual variety. Through its discovery and championing of John Osborne in particular it has done more than any other group to popularize the drama of the Left. Its rôle has been that of go-between. Without it West End managements would probably still be unaware of the existence of the new type of play, just as they are, apparently, unaware of the ideology behind it. Yet the only play it has itself managed to transfer to the West End is Osborne's *The Entertainer* (incidentally, a more "sordid" piece than *A Taste Of Honey*) which had Sir Laurence Olivier in it as bait.

That there is a "conspiracy" of the Left to win back the theatre for the "masses," the current issue of the theatre magazine *Encore* leaves no doubt. For too long, it stresses, the theatre has been a preserve of the middle classes and the need to create a mass working-class audience is seen as a necessity for its survival.

All major developments in the



Louise's son Clive (Brian Bedford) comes in suddenly. He is half-drunk and jealous that Walter should show interest in the mother rather than himself. Later (right) he lies about the situation to his father (Roland Culver)



CLIVE: There on the sofa . . . they were kissing . . . she was half-undressed . . .

controversy

continued

A Taste of Honey at Wyndhams

Shelagh Delaney's play in the "kitchen sink" genre is set in a Salford slum and frequently resolves itself into a duel between the daughter Jo (played by Frances Cuka) and her mother, Helen (Avis Bunnage). At the close of the first act (pictures right) Helen is off to marry Peter, a fast-talking car salesman, leaving the girl to her own devices



HELEN: Happy the bride the sun shines on. . . . Oh! I am excited, I feel twenty-one all over again



HELEN: Oh, you would have to catch a cold on my wedding day. I was thinking of asking you to be my bridesmaid, too



JO: Will you tell me something before you go? What was my father like?

HELEN: Oh! him.

JO: Well, was he so horrible that you can't even tell me about him?



HELEN: He wasn't horrible . . . he wasn't an idiot, he was just a bit—retarded



HELEN (leaving for the wedding): If he doesn't show up I'll be back soon

drama have been the outcome or the reflection of social movements and what the Marxists would call a qualitative change in the nature of our theatre is bound to come one day. But a glance at the entertainments guide in any paper will show that there is no immediate cause for alarm among the traditionalists who have for so long kept the theatres open, if not "alive" in the Left Wing intellectual sense of the word. Only one West End management has so far capitulated. More, I hope, will follow.

I foresee an exciting counter-action being fought by a new generation of 'reactionary' playwrights led by young Peter Shaffer. They will be the new champions of the poor, down-trodden, moribund middle classes who, no less than the working classes, have their own problems and tragedies waiting to be given dramatic form. They will meet the Brendan Behans, the Osbornes, the Delaneys (and ex-convict Frank Norman, whose *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T* Be is Theatre Workshop's latest contribution to our culture) on their own neo-realist ground, and a wonderful time should be had by all.

Whatever the ultimate outcome, it is safe to bet that the struggle will go on for a long time to the greater glory of box-office takings. And Mr. Rattigan's Aunt Edna and other reactionary, bourgeois "bigots" will be able to go on happily indulging in their own cosy private images of life forever.

controversy

concluded

Opinions



THE CRITIC: John Barber was formerly *Daily Express* theatre critic for 10 years. He says: "What is false is the drama that pretends that either the slum or the salon represents the whole of life. The best theatre cross-fertilizes human extremes. Bernard Shaw thrusts the slum girl into the gentleman's parlour. Shakespeare has his 'rude mechanicals' perform at court. Or the Crazy Gang, 'low' comedians, go in for 'high' life as debs. I put a plea only for the best in each kind—with this caveat for the new low-lifers: Beware lest, like Holland, you go so low you can only be saved by being dammed."



THE FIRST-NIGHTER: Edward Sutro hardly ever misses a new play in London. He says: "I don't believe a play can ever be a success unless the author is writing about something which he or she really knows about. Shelagh Delaney knows her people. I thought moments of *A Taste of Honey* most moving. I didn't consider it to be 'slum,' nor the author out to exploit sex. Sex certainly is the most exciting and important thing in the world . . . but plays which only try to exploit it are never a success in this country."



THE PRODUCER: Peter Brook is the best-known of the younger producers. He says: "It is said that art must draw from nature. The drawing-room play began to decay the minute it started drawing from stage drawing-rooms instead of real ones, and naturally it is now as dead as any copy-of-a-copy-of-a-copy must be. The sordid play is freshly minted. Real life is only one step away—so of course it seems wonderfully true and vital. But let there be no mistake; we can fall into a lower-class cliché as easily as we once fell into an upper-class one. . . ."

FINGS AIN'T WOT THEY USED T' BE

The title of this play, recently first-nighted by the Theatre Workshop at Stratford, seems to sum up the contemporary stage. Far removed from the drawing-room, Frank Norman's setting is a spicier in Soho, shown here. Foreground, left to right: Eileen Kennally, Glynn Edwards, Brian Murphy



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

The Gang are mellow now

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman

YET AGAIN," bawl the Crazy Gang, even now in ripe old age opening a new show called *Clown Jewels* at the Victoria Palace. Bud Flanagan's eyes are like two shiny black buttons stuck into a bland round cheese. Teddy Knox twinkles his Sam Wellerish enjoyment of a city where stout and oysters and fried fish and bookmakers and loving mothers are always just round the corner. Jimmy Nervo exhibits the smile that grossly parodies that of an English milord on his travels.

The two squat, unlovely figures with cherubic faces belong to Naughton and Gold, and flanking the old familiars is "Monsewer" Eddie Gray with frayed dickey, sagging collar, steel spectacles and the rather sinister secret he keeps to himself. As fine a lot of disreputables as ever gladdened the heart of the vulgar and at the same time played the devil with the cool composure of persons of the most refined taste.

The noses are red, the jokes are blue, the invitation to ribald mirth is shamelessly blatant. There is, all the same, something about these lowest of low comedians which induces all but the desperately high-minded to slip comfortably into the lowest of intellectual gears and coast merrily among raucous trivialities.

That something is an ever-buoyant good humour which belongs with its rough, gay irony specifically to Cockaigne, a humour racy of the city in which the poorest have seemed never to lose their zest for life and for the colossal show going on around them. It is because the Crazy Gang so effortlessly embody the saucy and waggish spirit of Cockneydom that a severe and demanding American drama critic of my acquaintance never misses one of their shows when he is visiting London. And no doubt it is why they have increasingly drawn their fans from every class of theatregoer in the past 28 years.

It is no use pretending that they are as rum-bustious in *Clown Jewels* as they were in their iconoclastic youth when they used to spread all over the house taking fantastic liberties with their patrons. They were breaking up the mould of the old-time music hall. They are more stage bound now. But as their fooling has lost some of its old physical exuberance it has mellowed into a kind of subtlety proper to itself.

There is style and a grotesque dignity in their disappointed débutantes swathed in white tulle and lace and painted an inch thick in readiness for the presentation which will never take place. Teddy Knox marvellously establishes some wild sort of kinship between the face of the winking wide boy and the mincing carriage of the frustrated miss whose dreams of the "Pally" have come to nought. Flanagan contributes a moony and mature

Like wine, their bouquet improves with age: (left to right) Charlie Naughton, Eddie Gray, Bud Flanagan, Jimmy Gold, Teddy Knox, Jimmy Nervo



young lady, Naughton and Gold the ugly sisters from suburbia and Jimmy Nervo a smirking maiden prone to an extraordinary confusion of mind when it comes to the placing of ostrich feathers, caricatures touched in with deplorable taste and a quite irresistible comic style.

As mounted troopers in Whitehall, treated as though they did not exist by bowler-hatted L.C.C. officials intent on completing plans for a new highway through their beat, Knox and Nervo maintain a sense of their essential dignity with remarkable aplomb, even when ladders are rested on the top of their helmets. Their new material, it must be confessed, is not so hot. A skit about balloonists making ready to drift across the Atlantic seems to require re-writing or even quiet elimination.

But 28 years of craziness has produced reserves, and the gang do not hesitate to fall back on them. They revive their extremely funny extravaganza on the Robin Hood legend with Nervo and Gray girding at the well-meant service from a stage box. Flanagan sings again his Franklyn D. Roosevelt Jones song, and once again the outrageous old flower sellers gather under the statue of Eros. These revivals have a powerful nostalgic effect, and Flanagan thereafter "just to show us" exchanges his familiar old white hat and moth-eaten fur coat for a brand new silk hat, a finely-starched white tie and an enormous gardenia. Thus transformed he gently and acceptably puts across a new song "Strollin'" and amiably sponsors the London début of Rosita, a street singer from Madrid with a piquant little formality of her own.

Supporting the gang are the John Tiller girls dancing with their usual hypnotic precision; the Ken-Tones harmonizing frenziedly at the microphone; Miss Anne Hart, singing seriously, and the rather horrifying Hagbek and Zari in a whip-cracking acrobatic dance.

...and no tears in these eyes

APART from the fact that its story of hard times that can come again no more seems hardly worth retelling today, and that much of its dialogue rings as false as a lead florin, there is nothing much wrong with *No Trees In The Street*: in fact, it is so beautifully directed by Mr. Lee-Thompson, so sensitively photographed and so powerfully acted by an excellent cast, that it is the sort of picture that would probably be greeted with cries of delight by non-English-speaking audiences at foreign film festivals.

A plain-clothes policeman, passing a modern block of council flats, grabs a young boy armed with a flick-knife: why, he wants to know, is the kid fooling around with weapons? He has a decent home in a street where the air is clean and trees can grow (if protected, one gathers, since the young saplings are housed in metal cages): there is no excuse for delinquency, these days. Now, 20 years ago, when the street was a stinking slum. . . . He goes into his sad story of a family who lived there, in what looks like positively Dickensian squalor, and were destroyed by their dreadful environment from which there seemed no escape.

Young Mr. Melvyn Hayes gives a most moving performance as the weedy, hollow-chested, sharp-faced boy who takes tremulously to crime, progressing rapidly from petty pilfering to armed robbery and murder and thus bringing tragedy upon his loving sister (Miss Sylvia Syms) who, while trying to snatch him back from the downward path,

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THE TATLER
& Bystander
18 March 1955

THE PLAY:

Clown Jewels
The Crazy Gang

CINEMA
by Elspeth
Grant

is herself seduced by the villain (Mr. Herbert Lom), who first set his feet upon it.

At the end of the policeman's grim narrative the modern, council-flat-dwelling youth gives the man an impudent look. "Kin oi 'ave me knoife back? Corst me a quid," he says—which shows how little the whole thing meant to *him*. It meant about the same to me.

In tones as measured as that footfall on the beat, a U.S. police official introduces **High School Confidential** and speaks a little epilogue solemnly assuring us that this hair-raising tale of drug trafficking among teenagers at an American small town high school is a true one. And don't think it couldn't happen in *your* town and to *your* kids, he adds. Oh, come, come! I look down from my windows upon hordes of youngsters pouring out of a school opposite: they're pretty rough and as noisy as the dickens but I'm willing to bet that it's all natural high spirits and that nobody ever finds a marijuana cigarette on the floor of the gym.

Mr. Russ Tamblyn, playing repellent and driving a car which is maybe not quite long enough to have a bowling-alley in the back but has wheels designed to hold a half-kilo package of heroin, does very well—and I only wish I understood a little more of what he and the dear little dope-addicts were saying: they speak a language utterly foreign to me—and I've *been* in America.

The setting for **The Black Orchid** is the Italian section of New York, a district full of hearts of gold and cosy gossips. Signorina Sophia Loren, the beautiful widow of a murdered gangster, lives there alone—making artificial flowers and brooding over the past: was it *she* who made a criminal of her husband and a juvenile delinquent of their son? Her friendly next-door neighbour (Miss Naomi Stevens) doesn't care one way or the other but does feel Signorina Loren should marry again—and nudges an amiable and prosperous widower, Mr. Anthony Quinn, in her direction.

Signorina Loren learns to love Mr. Quinn—but there is her delinquent boy in reform school: what will Mr. Quinn feel about that? Mr. Quinn, madly in love with the signorina, takes the matter in his stride—but he has a problem of his own. His daughter, handsome Signorina Ina Balin, who seems to have inherited her dead mother's mental instability, is prepared to go to any lengths to prevent him from marrying Signorina Loren. Eventually the situation sorts itself out: I thought it took rather too long about it.

Mr. Bill Edwards has the title rôle in **First Man Into Space**: he is an American lieutenant who, while piloting the first manned rocket, ignores radioed orders to return to earth after reaching a certain altitude—and goes whizzing on and on until a bright cloud of meteor dust causes an explosion. By surely the most extraordinary coincidence, the wreckage of the rocket falls just by the launching site and Mr. Edwards, miraculously alive, returns to the same spot but—whaddya know? He has been transformed into a **THING** and, like all of its kind, is ravening for human blood. It beats me where in Outer Space they acquire a taste for the stuff in the first place and I can't help wondering if they wouldn't settle for a good glass of burgundy instead. I dare say this little space fiction is no sillier than its forerunners.

If I may say so, I think His Grace the Duke of Bedford was ill advised to appear (fully clad though I hasten to assure you he is) in **Around The World With Nothing On**—an appallingly amateurish conducted tour of nudist camps and seaside resorts from Woburn Abbey to the Island of Cavallo. I don't object to the thing on moral grounds—and neither does the Censor, who has given it an "A" Certificate—but goodness me! Why should I have to sit through anything so utterly boring?



Herbert Lom, the likeable villain, with his victim Sylvia Syms in *No Trees In The Street*, reviewed this week. Miss Syms was rated the Film Actress of 1958 by the *Variety Club*

THE FILMS:

No trees in the street
Sylvia Syms
Herbert Lom
Stanley Holloway
Melvyn Hayes
dr. J. Lee-Thompson

High school confidential

Russ Tamblyn
Jan Sterling
Jackie Coogan
Mamie Van Doren
dr. Jack Arnold
("X" Certificate)

The black orchid

Sophia Loren
Anthony Quinn
Ina Balin
Jimmy Baird
dr. Martin Ritt

First man into space

Marshall Thompson
Bill Edwards
Marla Landi
dr. Robert Day
("X" Certificate)

Around the world with nothing on

The Duke of Bedford and assorted, anonymous nudes
dr. Werner Kunz

Barber crashes the hit list

STRANGE things are happening in the field of popular music. Until recently it has been almost unheard of for a jazz record to find its way into the weekly listings of best-selling records. Suddenly Cozy Cole crashed the American lists with two instrumental numbers, and now to my great amazement the name of Chris Barber appears high on that same list, on account of his band recording of "Petite Fleur," a tune written by Sidney Bechet many years ago. Can it be that the public is at last beginning to listen to jazz on its own merits? The most ironical touch about the whole thing is that the piece is only a clarinet solo by Monty Sunshine backed by the rhythm section, in which Barber himself does not appear at all! I still find it hard to believe that a British band has made the grade in this manner—it is opportune, for the band is touring the States as I write.

Bechet, now permanently settled in Paris, has written many catchy tunes, but I do not recall that any of them have been exploited previously. Four of his original themes can be heard on a Vogue release, where he appears with Teddy Buckner on trumpet. The music varies from subtle sophistication to raw blowing, with Bechet's soprano saxophone prominent as always in the New Orleans sounding ensemble. Buckner, who hails from Texas, worked for four years on the West Coast with Kid Ory; it is not unnatural that he should dedicate his Vogue album to Louis Armstrong, on whose style his own is moulded.

Yet another link is provided by clarinettist Joe Darensbourg, featured on this and with his Dixie Flyers on another Vogue album. More trumpeters are featured on RCA Camden's "Great Jazz Brass," ranging from King Oliver and Bix Beiderbecke to Muggsy Spanier and Harry James. These reduced price reissues are a commendable idea, but I wish they would not jumble so many artists on to one record.

I wrote at length about the phenomenon of the Basie band some weeks ago. I wish I had had to hand at this time their Fontana album, "One O'Clock Jump," which features two phases of the band's development. First comes a session of 1942, then three tracks recorded in 1946, and finally a whole side of 1950/51 pieces. The slight touch of frenzy which emanates from the immediate post-war work may be attributed to the presence of some embryo bopsters, Illinois Jacquet, J. J. Johnson and Joe Newman, in the group. By 1950 the present approach is apparent, with solid arrangements, more piano featured, and some tight section work paving the way to the dynamics which are Bill Basie's overwhelming trademark.

The man Previn has been at it again. He is prolific in the studio, but not always impressive. *Gigi* is given the same treatment which he applied to *My Fair Lady*, but with far less imagination, and consequently less success. He then teams with fellow pianist Buss Freeman to make "Double Play," a rather nebulous collection of duets which prove nothing in particular, except that the two piano formula is not a true jazz medium. Drummer Shelly Manne, one of the great West Coast technicians, provides the common denominator for another session, where Freeman and he support a thin front line in some rambling modern pieces.

I have no doubt that the fans of this sort of music will acclaim the record as a great piece, but I cannot subscribe to such a view. Even the medium tempo "Pint Of Blues" does not provoke these men to let themselves go with any degree of freedom.

RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

Count Basie
One o'clock jump
12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d.
Fontana TFL5046

Sidney Bechet
Bravo
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAE12153

Joe Darensbourg
With his Dixie Flyers
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAE12149

Sonny Rollins
Rollins plays for Bird
12-in. L.P.
£1 19s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-075

Mose Allison
Local color
12-in. L.P.
£1 19s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-071

Johnny Hodges
Meet Mr. Rabbit
E.P.
11s. 10d.
Columbia SEB10105

Jeanne Heal, of television fame, is now in Australia gathering material for a book, which will be published by Michael Joseph at the end of the year. She is the wife of architect Philip Bennett, and they have a son and daughter



Paul Tanqueray

Senor Sender grows and grows on you

BOOKS

by Siriol
Hugh-Jones

EVERYONE who has ever read one of those articles titled "Whither the Novel?" knows how most critics and reviewers pass their fretted lives in constant doubt and dread about what exactly a novel is. What on earth does one expect from the maddening, puzzling thing: a good story, credible characters, disguised autobiography, a philosophy, a vision, a clearly defined beginning, middle and end, a slice of life without any particular shape—what?

Every week great loads of these brave books, smartly jacketed, each holding out some delicious secret promise, roll out from the publishers. Some seem as though they might have been happier as poems, or travel books, or memoirs, or films, or short stories—but this is the Age of the Novel, the siren that sings to practically every writer except Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. John Osborne.

Some are hotly committed to paper in a matter of weeks, some represent years of a writer's life, each requires enough determination, blood, sweat and sheer staying-power to make a reviewer turn ashy pale and throw up his job, if he dares stop and consider the matter too closely.

Having frightened myself enough for one week, let me turn to two thumping big novels and leave questions without an answer alone. **Before Noon**, by Ramon Sender, is a most beautiful and noble book that one could re-read many times with increasing admiration and affection. It is a three-part story, with surely autobiographic traces, of a young boy's early life in Spain, about his family and friends, his time in a monastery school, his childhood sweetheart, everything he was and everything that mattered to him. It is told in the first person, with the addition of a rather mysterious preface—of which I do not fully grasp the point—giving the reader to understand that the narrative was written, in notebooks and under appalling and tragic conditions, by a dying 35-year-old Republican Army idealist, a man of great courage and something of a poet, filling in his memories in a prison camp in 1939.

The boy is utterly real, nothing is sentimentalized, the book is leisurely, full of detail, love, and lyrical imagination. The events are all those of everyday life, yet nothing is boring or humdrum. It is a magical book, the product of wisdom, experience

and a warmth of spirit, and seems to be something like a masterpiece.

About **The Chains Of Love** by Zoë Oldenbourg I am a good deal more perplexed. This is an enormous, sad, intense, rather steamy book which keeps right on without a change of tone, without so much as a hint of levity, for more than 3,000 packed pages. Put briefly, its central character is a young Jewish woman, a painter; revolving round her are her only child, the child's father, a young unbalanced ex-prisoner of war, and the great love of her life, a painter who eventually falls out of love with her. The setting is Paris just after the last war. So many things in it are excellently done—the complicated emotional relationships, the development of the young woman herself, her feeling for the child, her brief extreme happiness that turns to absolute misery, the detailed, careful charting of growing and changing emotions, the conviction in the background of painters at work.

And yet—it seems ungrateful, but the total effect seems to me to be one of ponderousness and enormous solemnity—so many vastly intelligent, sensitive persons, all suffering and discussing and analysing and then suffering some more. One is tugged remorselessly to the book's bitter end, steam-rollered into submission, but still faintly, rather guiltily, wishing it could all have been shorter, quicker, not so uniformly grave and dispiriting. . . .

Briefly . . . There is nothing glum about **The Flame Trees Of Thika** by Elspeth Huxley, a vivid, beautifully written, brilliant-eyed book about the author's childhood in Africa, full of magic and violent death, snakes, leopards, jumbo ants and hardly less exotic adults, and a clear, calm, observant child in the centre, involved with and unalarmed by her amazing surroundings. . . . I am so demented an admirer of the work of Mr. Henry Green that I feel my reaction towards the first critical book about them to appear—**The Novels Of Henry Green** by Edward Stokes—was probably unfairly coloured by frustration; what one wants is not a long critical analysis, but another novel. I am also left fazed and bewildered by the sort of criticism that lists the varying lengths of sentences in each novel, makes geometric diagrams out of the relationships in *Doting* ("Beginning as a triangle, it becomes a parallelogram made up at first of two, then of four triangles, and finally a quadrilateral involving no less than six triangles"), and works out a painstaking table of colour-adjectives in the eight novels.

. . . **Days And Moments Quickly Flying** by Perry Madoc is all about carefree Oliver, the younger black-sheep son of a gentle clergyman, and how he forges cheques, works in a terrible school run by a charlatan, seduces girls, falls into bad company, goes to prison, attempts suicide, and finally begins to see the light. In spite of some funny moments, especially at the ghastly school, and in spite of the author's determination to make Oliver nothing less than irresistible somehow, inexplicably, I found both him and finally the book curiously repellent, an odd mixture of marshmallow sweetness and deep, icy cold.

John ("Hurry On Down") Wain, at his favourite pub near his Reading home. His latest book, *A Travelling Woman*, was reviewed here last week. The Russians are interested in his work, and he will be one of the first young British writers to be published there

THE BOOKS:

Before noon
by Ramon Sender
(Gollancz, 21s.)

The chains of love
by Zoë Oldenbourg
(Gollancz, 18s.)

*The flame trees
of Thika*
by Elspeth Huxley
(Chatto & Windus,
16s.)

*The novels of Henry
Green*
by Edward Stokes
(Hogarth Press,
21s.)

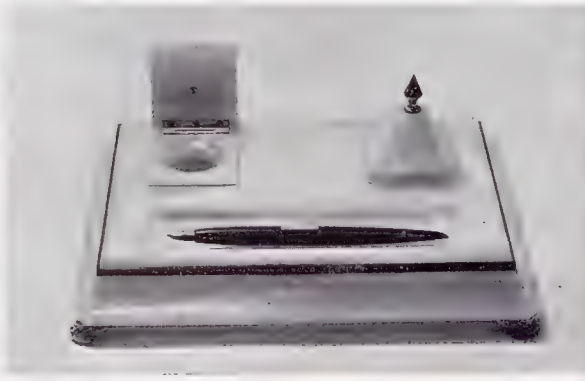
*Days & moments
quickly flying*
by Perry Madoc
(Collins, 13s. 6d.)

Mark Gerson

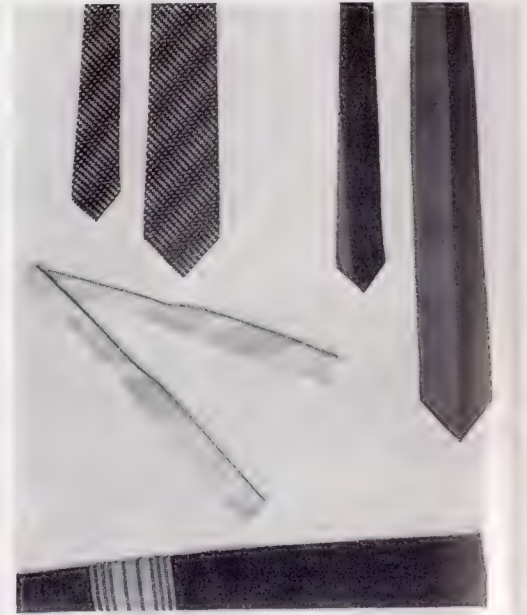




Left: The crocodile wallet or notecase has a deep pocket running the length of the back, price: £36 10s. The flat folder cigar case holds three; in black and other shades, price: £10 15s. The travelling flask, half-covered in cedar-coloured crocodile: £8 15s. All from Swaine, Adeney & Brigg, Piccadilly, W.1



Above: From a wide range of onyx at Aspreys, Bond Street, comes this impressive double inkstand. In white onyx with a lapis lazuli border, it has two inkwells set into the stand and a shaped pen tray. The knobs of the inkwell lids and the feet of the stand are in carved gilt. Price: £71 10s.



Counter

spy

goes hunting for things that men will want to buy or hope you'll buy for them

Famous for snuff are Fribourg & Treyer in the Haymarket. The firm was established in 1720 and numbers many past and present historic figures among its customers. The taking of snuff is still widely practised to-day—2,000 tons are milled in Britain every year although the average snuff taker only uses about two ounces a week. For a customer planning to take snuff for the first time, Fribourg & Treyer would recommend a mild variety. There is a wide choice; Fribourg & Treyer to-day make 22 different kinds, all from recipes handed down from generation to generation of the family and kept a closely guarded secret. Snuff is made from finely ground tobacco with a mixture of rare oils and can be specially blended for a customer. Prices range from about 2s. 6d. for a measure to about 51s. 6d. for a quarter-pound phial. (Postage and packing extra.) Fribourg & Treyer also sell beautiful antique and modern snuff boxes.

Made with herbs: Toilet preparations for men (women, too) are made by herbalists for Culpeper Herb Shops at 21 Bruton Street, W.1, and Oxford. With the fresh and clean scent of herbs in them, all the lotions, creams and soaps are made for Culpeper to exclusive recipes. A wide selection is available and expert advice given. Some examples of the preparations available are the Red Elm shaving sticks (price: 5s. with a refill for 2s. 9d.) which contain healing and soothing qualities; the after-shaving cream, also a healer (price 4s. 6d. and 7s.), and a hair tonic called "Rapide" (price: 10s. 8d.).



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY NEIL PEPPÉ

For men who like the clear-cut shapes of modern Scandinavian glass, Holmegaard of Denmark have produced this new telescope design. A vase, or merely a sophisticated shape for decoration, it comes in smoky grey or olive green. From Heal's, prices 95s., 50s. and 30s. (available end of March).

Minette Shepard



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

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BEAUTY

Your shield for March

by JEAN CLELAND



AN INTERNATIONAL expert on beauty culture said recently: "There is an art in making the complexion bloom in cold weather."

If a woman is to avoid the shrivelled dried-up look caused by harsh winds (which we so often have in spring) and achieve in its place softness, she must be prepared to give her skin extra care. It needs to be treated gently with soothing preparations to make it soft and supple. It needs careful cleansing and concentrated nourishment with specially nutritive creams—proper feeding up. It needs stimulation to encourage the circulation, protective cream to guard against the weather, and the right kind of make-up to give warmth and glow.

One more thing was added to the list. The importance of sensible diet.

The expert to whom I was talking has the greatest admiration for the English complexion. "I travel the world," she said, "and everywhere I go people are with me in envying the British woman's skin. I tell them that it is partly due to the damp climate and (because of this) partly to the extra care lavished upon it."

We talked about skin care in the cold weather, and agreed that something a little different from the usual routine is necessary, and that this starts with cleansing. The everyday soap and water wash, or the clean-up with liquefying cleansing cream, is quite adequate for many months of the year. During the harsh weather however, one must go carefully. If soap is used it must be a soft bland one to prevent drying the skin. Incidentally, Morny's have a lovely Gardenia Toilet Soap you may like to try.

Some cleansing creams are made with formulas specially designed for dry skins. These are the ones to use during March and the early spring months. Several of the well-known cosmetic houses make this kind of cleansing cream. For instance, Lancôme has a cold cream cleanser expressly for dry and sensitive skins. This has rich oily ingredients and a quick action for dissolving even a heavy make-up. Lenthéric's *Clean-up* is another good one. It softens as it cleanses.

After cleansing comes stimulation particularly important during the colder weather. Pat the face briskly each day for a minute or so, with a pad of cotton-wool wrung out in cold water and sprinkled with tonic (for a dry skin) or astringent (for a greasy one).

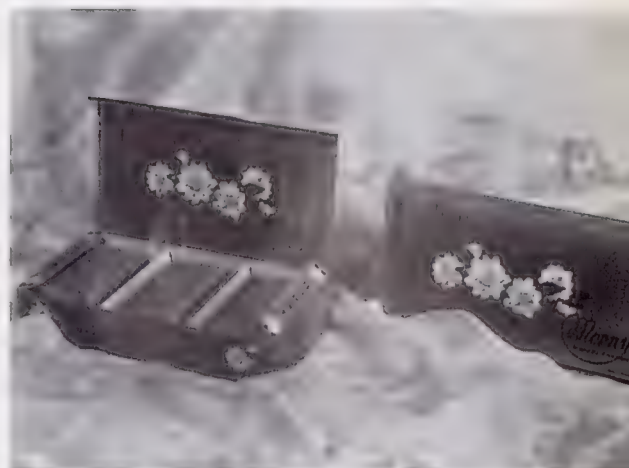
Brisk rubbing with a loofah all over the body is helpful. By keeping the blood coursing freely through the veins, it brings life to the complexion, and at the same time wards off such ills as chilblains. Try it for a few mornings and see for yourselves. Rub until the skin is warm and glowing, and always do it towards the heart. From the feet up the legs to the waist, from the wrists up the arms to the shoulders. When rubbing the back, start from the neck and work down to the waist.

Nourishment in the cold weather and in the early spring is perhaps the most important thing of all, and this means within as well as without. A woman famous for the beauty of her complexion once told me that she only diets in the summer. To cut fats to a minimum at a time when cold winds are drying out the natural oils in the skin is foolish. My advice is to leave that until the milder weather except in cases where excessive weight makes strict dieting absolutely necessary.

Externally the skin needs a rich and nutritive diet. Something in the way of an extra nourishing skin food is greatly to be recommended. There are various excellent makes from which to choose, but if you want to try something which has just come on to the market, I suggest Helena Rubinstein's *Overnight Beauty Cream*. This is a biological cream suitable for all types of skin. It is designed to feed the skin nature's way, by restoring both the natural moisture and the natural oils. "The secret of all-day beauty is all-night nourishment," said Madame Rubinstein, when I saw her in London recently. How right she is.

Another way of keeping the skin soft and pliant during the cold weather is to use a moisture preparation underneath the protective cream. Most of these are made for all types of skin, but Coty's make two, one for the oily, and another for the dry type, which is useful for those whose skin tends to go rough and flaky during the winter.

In the ordinary way, a moisture preparation can also act as a foundation, but on cold days it is advisable to use a protective cream as well to guard against the wind. Pat it in lightly—little is needed—and then apply the powder fairly lavishly. Press it in and dust off the surplus with a soft make-up brush, or pad of cotton-wool. This leaves a lovely smooth surface that can hold its own against all weather conditions.



Complexion care: A bland soap to keep the skin fresh. 1s. 2d. a tablet by Morny

Packing care: A leopard print design for an overnight case lined in quilted moiré with a plastic lined pocket by Antler



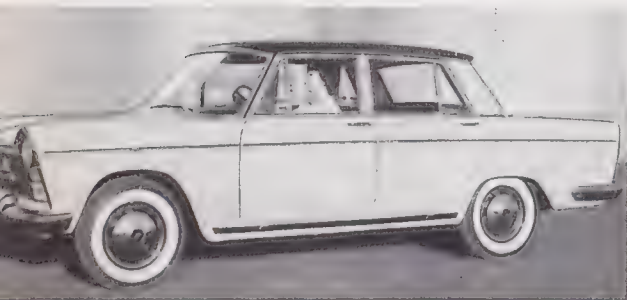
MOTORING

Sitting pretty on the bends

by GORDON WILKINS

LEARN A LOT about a car from my wife's reactions while I am hurrying through the twists, turns, dips and rises of a mountain road. Modern cars can generate side forces far greater than passengers can comfortably take unless they are properly supported. First comes the effort to settle deeper in the seat, the planting of the feet a little wider apart and then the look round for something to hold on to. If all this fails, and she starts sliding from side to side like a shuttle in a loom, the designer's ears should be starting to burn.

The sports car seat with deeply curved backrest and soft thigh pads is the best answer but it is difficult to make it fit all



The Fiat 1800: Full of practical details

types of figure. Bench type seats or wide flat separate seats give little support especially if they have a shiny surface. I remember an American car dealer telling me how he sold a set of gay plastic loose covers to a lady with a convertible and half an hour later was called to fish her out of a ditch.

Going into a corner at her usual speed, she had suddenly been deprived of all adhesion on the shiny new surface of the seat, had lost her grip of the steering wheel, and slid across to the opposite side of the car, which motored itself straight off the road.

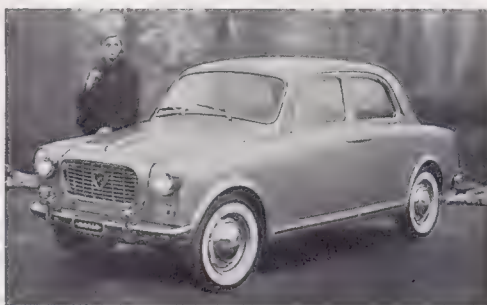
For the passenger, a grab handle on the instrument panel is the conventional aid but it can inflict facial injuries in a crash unless it is set below a rounded crash pad like those which have been used on the $3\frac{1}{2}$ -litre Maserati and the Chevrolet Corvette. We concluded that the best solution is a handle in the roof provided it is placed where it cannot strike the head of anyone thrown upwards by a bump. Some of the big Mercedes have a handy rail above the doors which also serves as an anchorage for coat hooks. Now the new six-cylinder Fiats have appeared at Geneva with stout handles faired into the roof above each door except the driver's. Those at the rear have reading lamps moulded into their ends. The Fiat,

like the Simea Aronde P60, also has backrests instantly adjustable down to the fully reclining position by the Reutter system. This is not an extra at a stiff addition to the price, but standard equipment.

The Fiat is full of practical details which suggest that it has been designed by enthusiastic motorists who regard a car as the normal means of covering long distances quickly and comfortably. There are the separate air controls for driver and front passenger, the electric blower which demists the rear window, the fuel reserve warning lamp and the other lamp which glows red if one should forgetfully drive away with the handbrake on. It has parking lamps, a headlamp flasher switch and foglamps.

There is one basic car, called the 1800 or 2100 according to the size of engine fitted. Both are six cylinder units, one giving 85 horsepower from 1795 c.c., the other 95 horsepower from 2054 c.c. Lampredi, former Ferrari designer, worked on them, so it is not surprising to find that they rev smoothly up to 6,000 r.p.m. The gearbox has synchromesh for all four speeds. The larger engine reduces the need for gear changing and there seems to be little difference in the fuel consumption. Fiat say the 1800 does 87 m.p.h. and the 2100 touches 93.

Body design was by Fiat's own staff including Boano Jnr. under Ing. Rapi, who did the Fiat turbine car illustrated here a few weeks ago, but the ubiquitous Farina was involved as a consultant. Some time before the car was announced, I had short



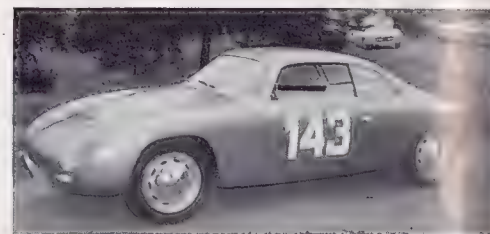
The Lancia Appia, third series: Traditional quality in miniature

runs in both the 1800 and the 2100 in the hills above Turin, against a backdrop of the Alps glistening white in winter sunshine. I was impressed with their road holding. Suspension is new, with torsion bars at the front and coil springs at the rear, and it gives a remarkably steady ride over potholes and cobblestones.

One of the casualties of postwar production has been the small quality car of

individual design; the type represented by the Riley Nine, the Lanchester Ten and the first M.G. Magnettes. I suppose the last British example was the Triumph Mayflower. Many people were deterred by its bizarre lines (one American writer called it a mobile book-end) but when production ceased the remaining stocks were swiftly snapped up by those who suddenly realized what they were missing. Nowadays the market is served by the Riley 1.5, the Wolseley 1500 and the Sunbeam Rapier, but their production is only rendered economically possible by using engines and other mechanical parts, and even body panels, derived from those on cheaper popular models produced by the same groups. Many people find them none the worse for that and production engineers would argue that to pine for anything else is to wallow perversely in nostalgia.

Nevertheless the small quality cars of the past contributed their share to progress in design and today one of the last survivors, the Lancia Appia, carries on the tradition. Where else will you find an ultra-short V4 engine, and a four-door saloon body with no centre pillars? The latest model, now on show at Geneva, has a new front end with a



The Lancia Appia, Gran Turismo: Lightweight and fun to drive

wider grille like the Flaminia, a more powerful engine, still of 1090 c.c., smaller wheels and more powerful brakes. It is the kind of car which might be bought as a second string by the owner of a Rolls-Royce or Bentley who wants something easy to park for local commuting, but import duty and purchase tax raise the price to a formidable £1,681.

Some of the leading specialist body builders produce alternatives to the standard saloon body and a few weeks ago I tried a Gran Turismo model which had a lightweight two-seater coupe body by Zagato and a modified engine, said to develop 60 horsepower. The weight was a mere 1,650 lb., it was only 50 inches high and it would do over 100 m.p.h. It was finished as only Zagato does it, with slim window frames, and glass flush with the body surface to cut down every possible air eddy which might slow it down.

Instead of door handles there were buttons with tiny finger grips and there were no bumpers to break the line. The light alloy steering wheel with polished wooden rim and the solid central gear lever were a pleasure to handle and the seats, with ventilated cushions and side pads for the hips, gave all the support one could wish. The rear suspension, which is conventional, allowed more wheelspin than the more sophisticated designs used on the Alfa Giulietta, the Porsche, or the Lotus Elite, but it was tremendous fun to drive. They may be difficult to reconcile with the economics of modern production but such cars add richness and variety to the motoring scene.

Cross-over V-necked fisherknit
sweater—also cardigans,
pullovers and waistcoats.
All made by Scottish craftsmen.

Bulldog breed
men's sweaters

by **Holyrood**

DINING IN

Shopping for inspiration

by HELEN BURKE

THE ONLY WAY I can be sure of variety in home catering is to do my own shopping. Being a busy person, as nearly everyone is these days, I do a certain amount of bulk purchasing. Wandering through my favourite market streets and the food departments of the big stores, I find inspiration in the fish, meat, fruit and vegetables I see displayed.

I have only to stay indoors and let someone else do the shopping or telephone for supplies to see how my catering deteriorates.

For a few weeks, I did little or no cooking or shopping and my weekly supply of double cream piled up in the cold chamber of the refrigerator. I always claim that this cream, together with mushrooms and tomatoes, is what makes me cook. Always, I have these three on hand.

When finally I did get out of the house, the first thing I did was to make a bee-line for my favourite butcher in Soho and there I found a lovely Dutch veal kidney, two sets of brains and a pound of beautifully white sweetbreads—all offal of a high order and just what was wanted for the time being.

So three of us had kidney with

mushrooms and cream sauce, the like of which I can never get in any restaurant, not because the cooking is at fault but because there is generally too long a time-lag between kitchen and table.

The best way to get rid of the core and tissue (which tend to toughen the kidney) is to cut the kidney into slices then, with a smaller razor-sharp knife, cut out the semi-circles of fatty tissue, leaving "frills" of kidney meat behind.

Finely chop a small onion or shallot and slice two to four ounces small washed but unpeeled, unopened mushrooms. Place them in a small pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and a teaspoon or so of lemon juice, cover and cook gently. Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. butter in a frying-pan, lay the sliced kidney in it and fry on both sides over a moderate heat so that the butter does not burn—or, to be on the safe side, add a dessertspoon of olive oil to the butter. Season with salt and freshly-milled pepper. When the kidney is cooked (no more) lift the slices on to a sieve and leave them to drain.

Meanwhile, add to the frying-pan a claret glass of dry pale vermouth (not a dark one which would make a

grey sauce) and boil hard while rubbing off the residue from the pan. When the liquid is reduced by half, add up to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream and the mushroom mixture and then boil up to thicken. When the sauce seems of the right consistency, add the kidney slices and move them about for $\frac{1}{4}$ minute without letting the sauce re-boil. A walnut of butter, added in little pieces, will thicken the sauce. Serve at once with boiled tiny new potatoes.

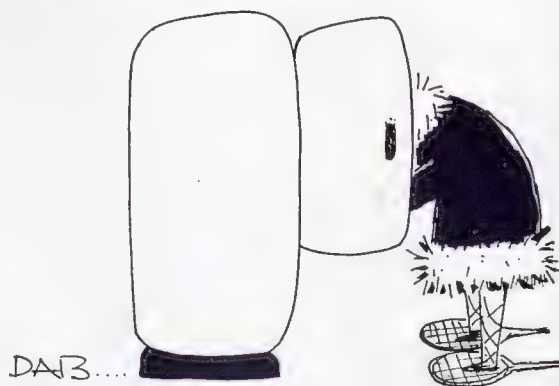
For a less elegant sauce, work a level teaspoon of flour into the pan in which the kidney was fried before adding the vermouth. Then single or top milk cream can be used instead of double cream. This sauce, though simpler, is good.

The brains and sweetbreads were first blanched and then stored in the coldest part of the refrigerator for several days.

Now for a dish where most of the

work can be done in advance—a roast stuffed double poussin, which will serve two people. Cover the giblets (except the liver) with water, add a carrot, an onion, a *bouquet garni*, salt and freshly-milled pepper and simmer together for stock. Boil 1 oz. rice until barely cooked. Melt a small piece of butter in a largish frying-pan and cook the chopped liver in it. Add the drained rice, 1 oz. chopped boiled ham and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. liver pâté. Turn these over and over and season well.

When cool, stuff the chicken with the mixture. Brush the bird with softened butter, sprinkle pepper and salt over it, then roast for 35 to 40 minutes at 375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6, basting twice with the butter during that time. The giblet stock, strained into the roasting tin, will make delicious gravy. To simplify serving, cut the bird in the kitchen.



Start.....
with
a
super
Sink...

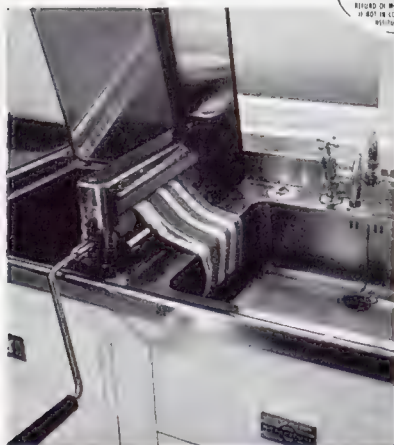


The Kitchen—mainspring of every up-to-date home—starts with the super stainless steel sink. Handmade by PAUL of Breaston, it has the perfect draining slope, permits no side-slipping of dishes, no side-slopping of water, being sound deadened is pleasantly hush-hush, and scores winning marks for hygiene, value, craftsmanship, good looks and lasting service.

In company with the various designs and many sizes of PAUL stainless steel sinks, comes a unique sequence of PAUL Kitchen Equipment to complete the perfect PAUL Kitchen. Among these are kitchen cabinets, wall and floor cupboards, whose outstanding features include superb finish throughout—drawers that run smoothly, shelves that rotate on self lubricated bearings—all made of high quality stainless steel safe-guarded by a *lifelong guarantee against rust*.

Today, both the Millersdale and Dovedale sink units can now be supplemented with the incomparable PAUL Wash Wonder . . . compact, efficient, gentle in action, it is housed permanently in the sink cupboard. Simply lift the working top and it comes into operation. The PAUL Wash Wonder whisks clean 6 lb. of laundry in approximately 5 to 6 minutes . . . has its own hinged wringer which folds neatly inside . . . is the first stainless steel wringer on the market. The PAUL Wash Wonder is always at the ready.

Send for our leaflets and kitchen planning chart



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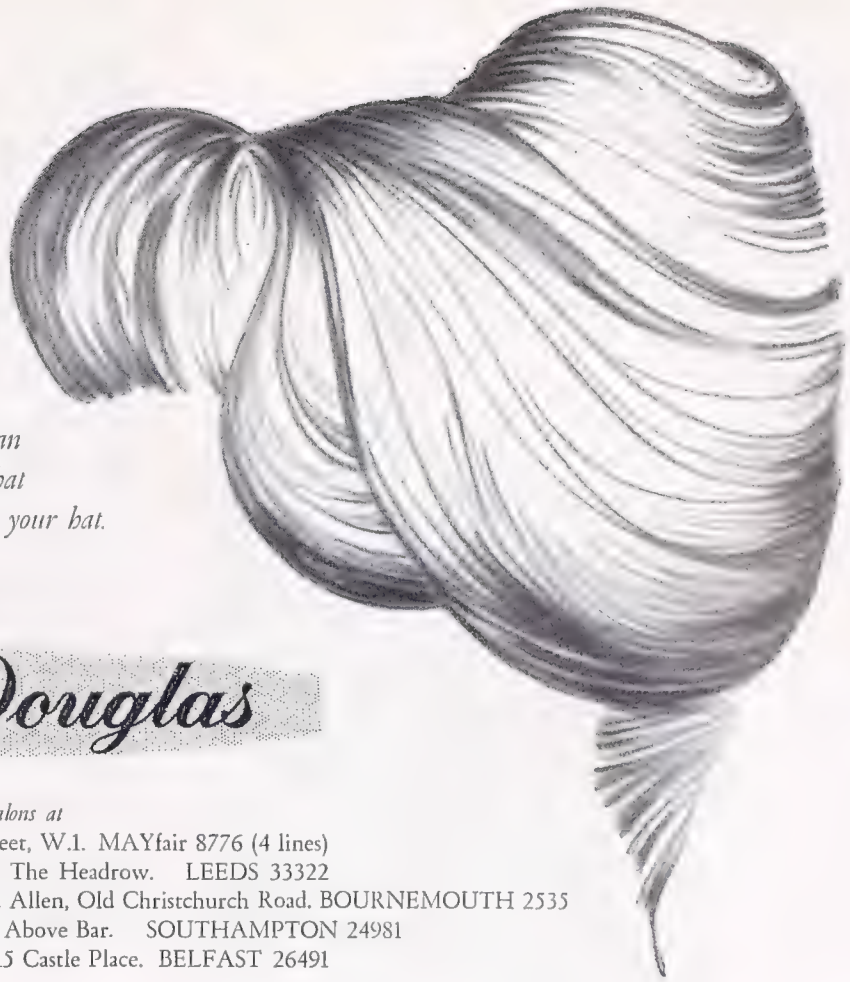
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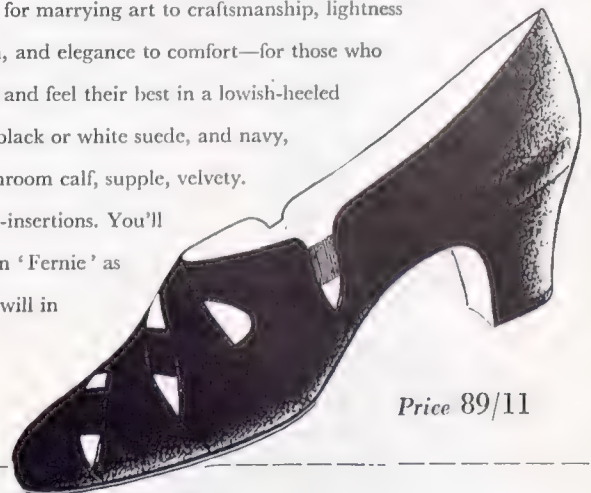
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DINING OUT

Take 113 miles of eggs

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

ON THE RARE occasions when I do the weekend shopping, I go around fussing like an old hen, wondering whether the leg of lamb should weigh $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. or $4\frac{1}{2}$; whether the price charged was correct or exorbitant; whether I should buy oranges at five for a shilling or larger ones for $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. each. By the time I come to the end of the list I feel exhausted.

I have often wondered what it must be like for somebody who has to buy food in enormous quantities. It was therefore interesting to lunch with Col. C. R. Wolsten-Croft, catering controller of Butlin's. I managed to badger him into telling me just a few of the things he buys in the course of a single year. Remember, as far as the holiday camps are concerned, the period when they are fully occupied may not exceed 16 or 17 weeks.

In 1958, some of the items he bought were: milk, 317,854 gallons, eggs, 3,600,000 (laid end to end they would stretch 113 miles); 34 tons of tea, to make about 21,000,000 cups (enough to float a 3,459 ton ship); mince pies, 413,136 (placed on top

of each other they would reach a height of 4,532 feet, ten times as high as St. Paul's); bacon, 109 tons (equal to the live weight of 12,230 pigs); chickens 292,455 (enough to give one each to everyone living in Brighton and Hove and still have 69,455 to spare).

When Col. Wolsten-Croft became catering controller for W. E. (Billy) Butlin he received only one bit of advice from his boss: "We shall get on all right together if you never buy any rubbish."

It was fortunate that we chose the Mirabelle for lunch and got there early because we discovered Erwin Schleyen, its director, in conference with John Drees, his maitre chef de cuisine. They too were talking in big figures, especially for a single and exclusive restaurant: "How many Dover soles shall we require?" asked Erwin. "One thousand," replied John Drees. "What else?" said Erwin: "640 pots of potted shrimps; 12 sides of Scotch beef; 150 lbs. of farm butter; ten gallons of Jersey cream; 25 Scotch hares; 60 sides of smoked salmon; ten whole Scotch

salmon. . . ." I asked Erwin if he had bought a mammoth deep freeze and was laying in a three months' stock. At this suggestion he informed me that the goods mentioned would be just sufficient to cover a weekend. As the Mirabelle shuts on Sunday, I considered this was complete nonsense, until he let me into the secret.

The weekend to which he referred was to take place at the Casino at Cannes with all British foods. He was about to depart southwards with maitre chef Drees, his larder chef (Louis Osterheim), his pastry chef (Thomas Robinson), his head waiter (Louis Emanuelli) and his head carver (Posidia Kyriacos Pheodosiou). This powerful team was flying to Cannes for a "Week-end Anglais" including a gala dinner at the Casino to which 600 international celebrities had been invited.

Erwin's car had gone on ahead with a cargo of cheese including Stilton, Wensleydale, Double Gloucester, Cheshire and Cheddar, filling the passenger seats.

Our lunch consisted of some of the specialities they were going to offer in France and we left the menu to the chef. This is what he presented: Cock-a-leekie; Dover sole Mirabelle (with which we drank a Puligny Montrachet 1953, Henri Boillot); Sorbet Citron; Tournedos Balmoral (which cut like a pat of butter), Brocolis à la Façon du Cheshire,



Bickerstaff

Meals by the million: Erwin Schleyen (managing director of the Mirabelle) and Col. C. R. Wolsten-Croft (catering controller to Butlin's)

London House croquettes (accompanied by a Château la Gaffelière Naudes 1952, which was a St. Emilion and quite exceptional); Soufflé Glacé Drambuie, which was also a success (they had obviously used the finest cream and a lot of Drambuie); Café du Kenya and Hine V.S.O.P.

There were other British dishes to please the French—steak and kidney pie, steak and kidney pudding, homard au whisky, côte de boeuf Smithfield, brioche et butter pudding (why half French and half English? Bread and butter pudding is good enough for anybody).

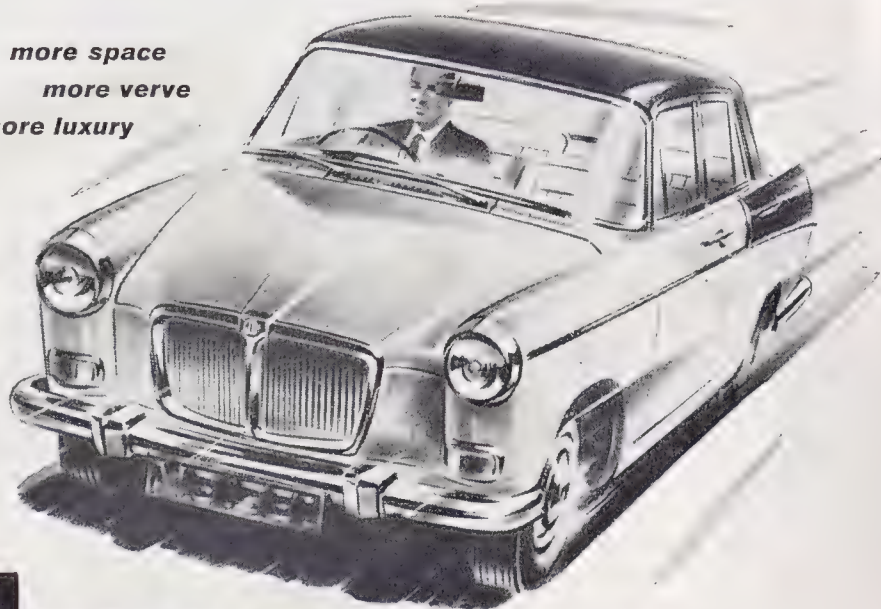
Anyway, *Vive la cuisine Anglaise . . . Vive la France.*

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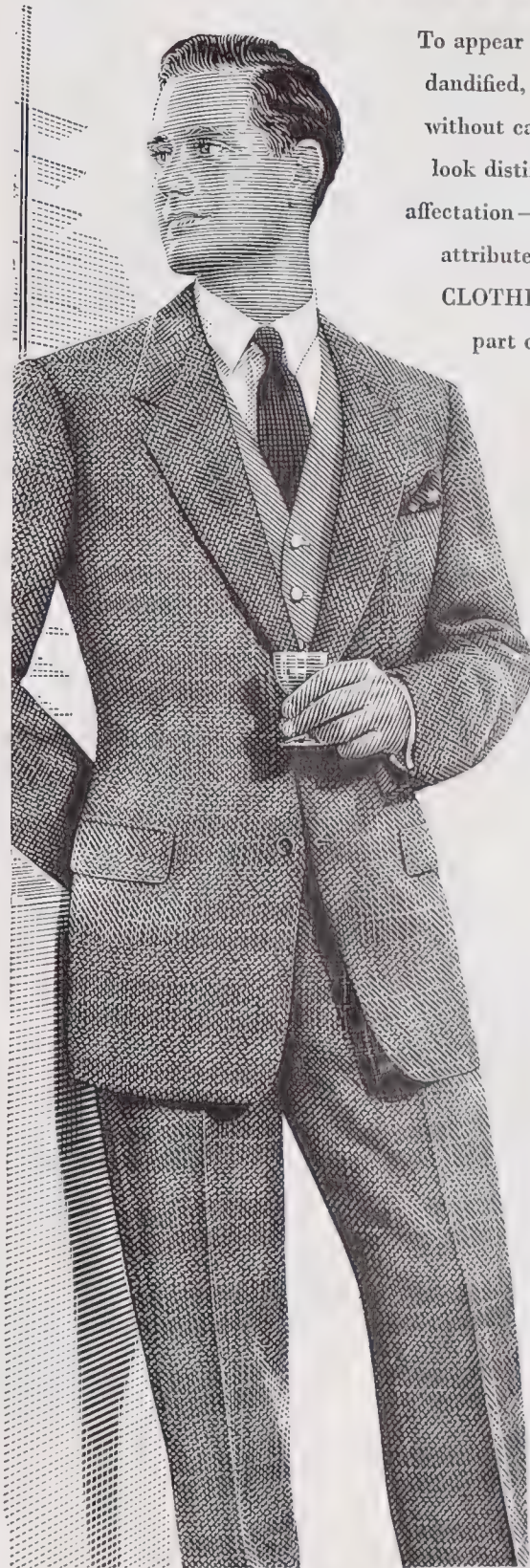
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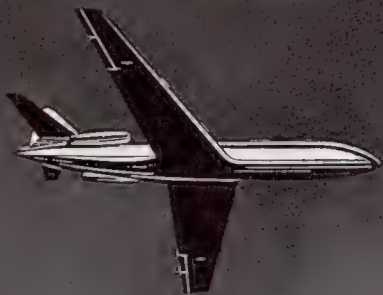


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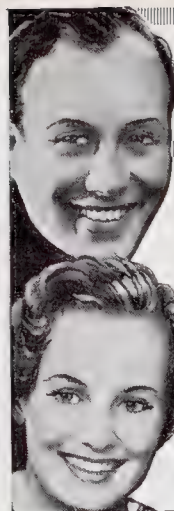
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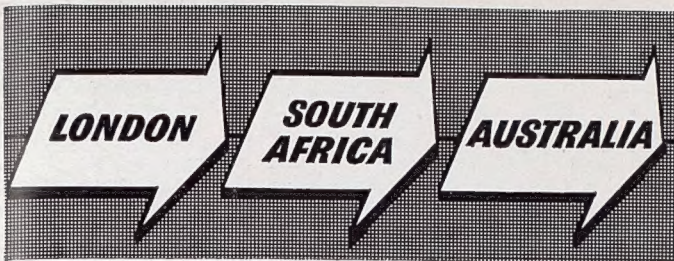
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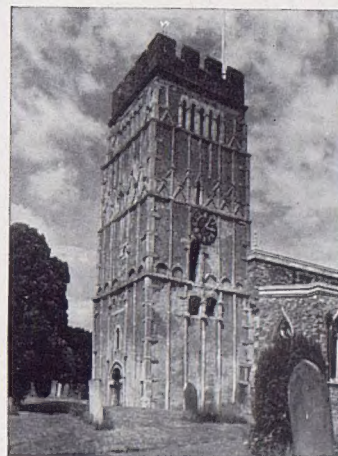
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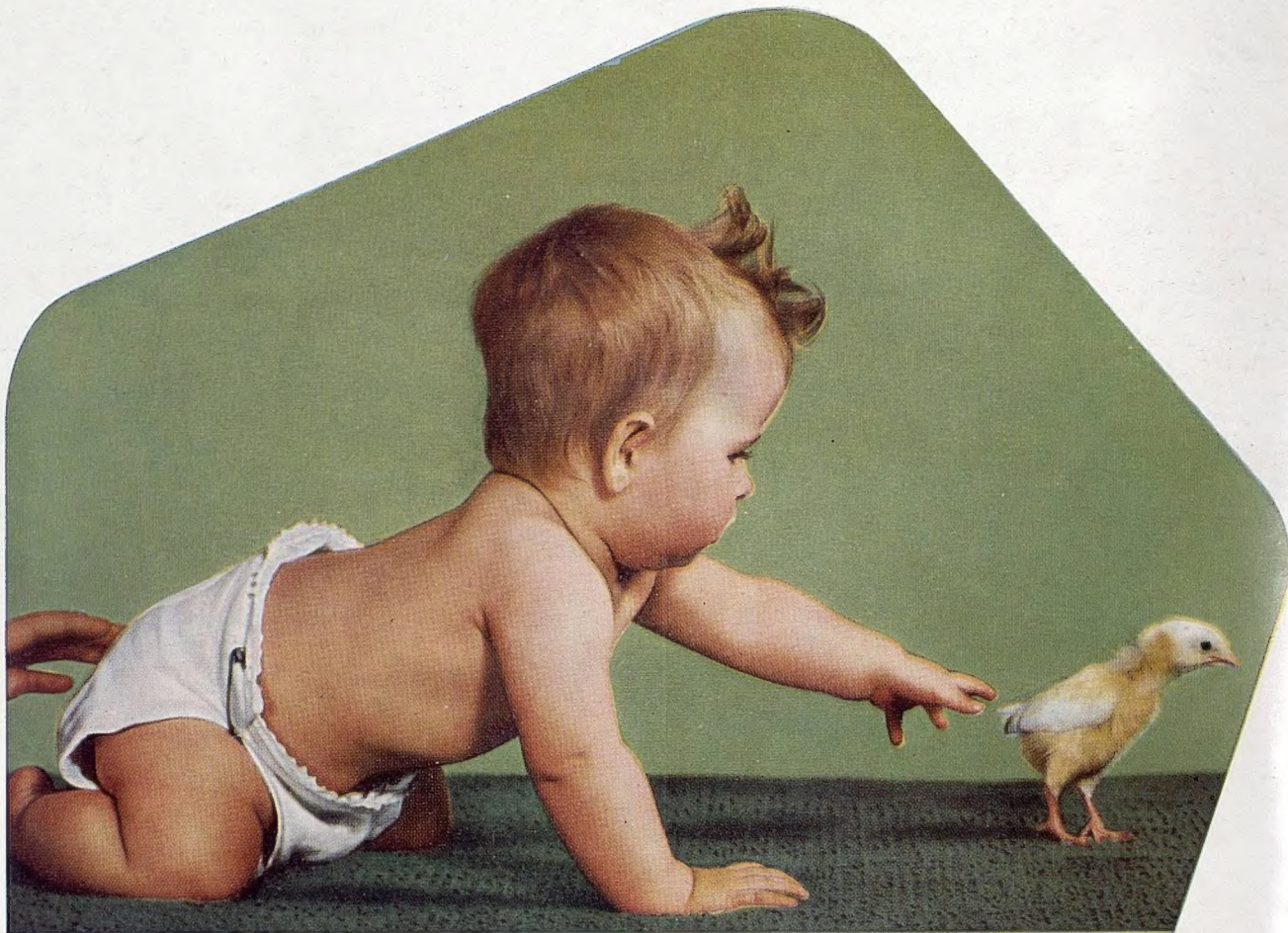
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